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APOLLO THE SPIRIT OF HELLENIC CULTURE WAS BORN HERE.

An exotic view of Delos the sacred Island of the Greeks.



## Who the Greeks Were?

By CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST  
Hellenist and Author

**(Editor's Note:** Our favorite Greek pastor was explaining to us one day that the Bible must be interpreted in relation to its own times.

"This is particularly true of the Old Testament," he said. "We cannot understand the Patriarchs, Prophets, and Kings unless we have a knowledge of the customs and the moral standards of those by-gone days. For instance, Abraham had 250 wives."

He paused for a moment, and then he added: "Nowadays we have enough trouble with one!"

That we men of today are burdened with only one wife is one of the great contributions to modern civilization of the Ancient Greeks. Indeed, this way of life of theirs—so typical of them in a world of Asiatic polygamy—is one of the rules of thumb, as it were, whereby we can trace who they were and whence they came.

Our dear Mrs. Hulst, the 89-year-old Hellenist of Grand Rapids, Michigan, does this for us in this most enlightening article. —C. J. Lampos

—:—

In 1912 Breasted published A HISTORY OF EGYPT, in 1925 Weigall published A HISTORY OF THE PHARAOHS, and in 1927 Woolley published his account of his excavations at Ur of the Chaldeas and al-'Ubaid, an epoch-making book that throws light on the earliest Aryan civilization in India, Ur, Egypt, and Greece. Thus Breasted and Weigall did not have access to the facts which connect Egypt and Greece with Ur of the Chaldeas, whose long life dated from 5000 B. C. to about 2275 B. C., when Ur was conquered by Babylon and was buried so deep that she never saw the light again until Woolley let it in.

Woolley took the greatest precaution to preserve the skulls that he excavated in the cemetery at al-'Ubaid so as to have them measured, and the measurements that were made warranted very important conclusions as to the origin and the character of the people who had lived there in the millenniums before Christ. Woolley declares:

"It is probable that of all the pioneers of civilization the Sumerians, so far as social origin and physical nature, remain the most obscure and that

they deserve to be the best known. It is possible that they have a better chance to be regarded as the pioneers of civilization than any other people."

The skull measurements showed that the Sumerians were a long-headed people with large brains, long faces, strong cheek-bones and jaws, and long chins and noses. There were no noses of the Hittite or the Hebrew type, and there was no evidence of a Mongolian intermixture. The conclusion drawn is that the Sumerians belonged to the Aryan race, as the Pharaohs and the Greeks did and as most of the people of Europe do.

The Sumerians in Ur of the Chaldeas had made great progress in civilization. They had dug canals through the swamps of the Delta, draining the land and making it rich for cultivation of grain. They measured their grain by both dry and liquid measures, and they estimated it by adding, subtracting, and multiplying. They invented an alphabet.

Their view of life had been dark, as is seen in their Epic of Gilgamesh, the King of Erech, who was believed to be two-thirds god and one-third man. He had escaped the Great Flood and had sought to the ends of the Earth, even looking upon the Happy Fields in the West, but had found no hope for man and had returned sad:

"If I told thee the statute of the Earth  
Which I have beheld,  
Thou wouldst sit thee down  
And weep all the day.

"See, this body which thou hast clasped  
So that thy heart was glad,  
The worms eat it like an old garment.

"My body which thou hast clasped  
So that thy heart was glad,  
Is vanished away full of dust—  
In dust it is sunken away,  
In dust it is sunken away."

But in contrast to this hopeless view of life, a hope of Immortality was rising, a worship of Nin-Khursag, the Lady of the Mountain, of which Woolley found evidence in the cemetery of al-'Ubaid,



six miles from Ur, where she had a chapel. Woolley explains:

"Nin-Khursag joined in the creation of man and cared for his preservation on earth by the cattle that ministered to his needs. In the cemetery at al-'Ubaid the cattle were her cattle and their barn was her Sacred Farm, where was at one time her only sacred shrine. Known as one of the Powers concerned with the making of the world, she now figured as the Patroness of the farm and the dairy. She had her temple not in the city but in the fields where the cows were kept. But the two roles were not independent. And when we find that around her temple were large cemeteries, that men were brought out there for burial, so that they might be under the shadow of her shrine, crouched in the earth in the attitude that connects death with birth, and surrounded with the vessels, the ornaments, and the tools which they had used on earth and might haply need in another, then we may with good reason conclude that Nin-Khursag had yet another function, and that the Creator-Goddess not only assured continuity on earth of the life she had bestowed, but safe-guarded it beyond the span of its mortality and brought to new birth that which time had outworn."

This belief in immortality was so strong that, in the tomb of one of the Queens of Ur, the bodies of a group of her Ladies-in-Waiting were found with hers—there was no sign of violence on them and they had perhaps taken hasheesh so as to accompany her in the future life.

This belief in a future life is seen also on the Goddess Cow that was excavated in the tomb of one of the Kings of Ur. In the scene inlaid on the Cow, or Nin-Khursag, Man is seen supported in his initiation by two animals of a gentle type. He is offered bread from a platter and drink from a pitcher, and music is played for him on a Golden Harp. In the final scene, the Scorpion Man, who is Death, has become friendly—he keeps the keys to the Happy Fields in the West, which Gilgamesh had not been permitted to enter—and welcomes the initiated into the Future Life:

"O Grave, where is thy victory?

O Death, where is thy sting?"

The belief in Immortality and a ceremony of initiation into its Mystery had its source in Ur, its full development in Eleusis among the Athenian Greeks, where bread and wine were served, the gifts of the children of the Mother-Goddess Demeter—her daughter, Persephone, who gives grain, and her son, Dionysos, who gives the vine to man, along with Immortality.

From Ur, the Greeks of the Classic Period treasured these traditions as to Immortality, and they preserved traditions as to the manner of burial of the dead. From Ur, the dead had been transported in a boat by a ferryman who had paid for his services, to be interred in the cemetery at al-'Ubaid, a distance of six miles. There were no navigable rivers in Greece, but only small mountain streams that ran nearly dry in summer and turned into violent torrents after the rains, so the Styx had

to be mythical, Charon the Boatman had to be mythical, but these and the hope of Immortality remained to the end among the Greeks of Attica, at least for those who had been initiated into the Mysteries in Eleusis. And the Cow-Goddess, named **Hera** among the Greeks, was given the highest honor in the era of Perseus (about 1500 B. C.), who named his city, **Mycenae**, in honor of **the Cow**.

To cover their business dealings, which became extensive, the Sumerians in Ur made laws. An inscribed stone, now in the Louvre, originally from Kish, is evidence of their wise procedure. Here is the record of the purchase of several large estates, made by the King for his son, to be used for official business of the government. Far from confiscating private property for public purposes, everything is carefully accounted for. The land and the buildings were purchased legally and at full valuation, paid in shekels of silver and also with gifts to those who had been dispossessed, as if the purchaser had been a private citizen. The precise value of each estate, as carefully measured, with its defined boundaries, is recorded, and its value is reckoned in standard measures of grain, one **bur** of land being reckoned at 60 **gur** of grain and one **mina** of silver, with an addition of one-tenth of the price for legitimate profit.

Evidence of close commercial and cultural relations between Ur of the Chaldeas and the lands at the head waters of the Euphrates, and with the Cedar Forest and the Silver Mountain, has been excavated by Baron von Oppenheim. Woolley found that from the earliest times Ur had obtained stone and wood for building by way of the Euphrates from that region. At Tel Halaf, the Baron found the same kind of pottery with the same painted designs that Woolley had found in the earliest period of Ur, and also the same kind of animals, actual and mythical. Sargon had extended his empire there as well as in Mesopotamia, and the epic of Gilgamesh had been told in both Ur and Tel Halaf. Gilgamesh, with his fighting-companion Engidu, had reached the Silver Mountain, which "stretched 10,000 miles", and there they had killed Khumbaba. In Tel Halaf, as in Sumeria, the death of Kumbaba had been celebrated with rejoicing, and after his death Gilgamesh had descended to the Lower World in search of the Hub of Life, as Hercules had in Greece.

It is not certain whether the myth of Gilgamesh originated in Sumeria or in the North—according to the old list of Sumerian kings, Gilgamesh was the fifth king of the First Dynasty of Uruk, but this is regarded as mythical, and the first really reliable facts connect Ur and this modern region of Tel Halaf with Sargon (about 2275 B. C.), whose god, Dagon, gave him the "upper land" as far as the Cedar Forest and the Silver Mountain. This is the region from which Ur received her wood and stone for building and silver for coins.

Baron von Oppenheim discovered that various settlements along the Euphrates, between Tel Halaf and Ur, had left traces of Ur, with inscriptions on clay tablets which showed that the rulers of the day had granted the Sumerian traders the privilege of using their own laws, and that the traders, colonists, were definitely organized. Their business letters



read quite like modern letters exchanged between merchants and their customers. As money, the silver mina was used to pay the bills for the items, which were wood, copper, lead, tin, hides, oil, and cotton. The goods were transported on boats drawn by pack animals, and these, with carts, are pictured on seals. From the earliest times traders and bankers were engaged in these ventures, and "throughout the Sumerian culture—complex the same way was used to represent gods, symbols of gods, demons, and other hybrid beings, sphinxes, hunting scenes, chariot, and riders—"of the same racial type and with the same way of treating the hair and beard."

Oppenheim concludes:

"It is not impossible to set down the fall of Tel Halaf to the wars of the Hammurabi dynasty (about 2169-1870 B. C.) when Ur of the Chaldeas, also, was destroyed by the same dynasty."

As final proof that these adventurous traders of Ur, living under their own laws and using their own language, had multiplied in Asia Minor, also, are the epics of Homer, which reveal their ideas and character. They were so numerous in Asia Minor that seven cities claimed the honor of Homer's birth. Also, in Homer's times Greeks had been firmly established in the Mediterranean lands as far to the West as the Peloponnesus; for King Agamemnon issued his call from Mycenae to all Greeks to unite with him in an attack on Troy, and a thousand ships answered his call, to recover Queen Helen from Paris, who had broken the Law of Zeus for the Home and Hospitality.

The Sumerians had invented an alphabet, but they did not write their laws. However, the neighboring Aryan people in India did so, and from the Laws of Manu (about 1200 B. C.) those of the Sumerians and Greeks may be deduced. The first concern of the Laws of Manu was the education of all classes in truthfulness, cleanliness, and self-control, and the purpose was for spiritual, intellectual, and physical development. A distinction was drawn between the religious and the secular, the intellectual and the spiritual. At maturity the student was initiated into the community, when he was "born again". The girls were instructed as well as the boys, and their activities were not limited or circumscribed—the national heroine of India even drove the chariot of her hero-lover in battle, as Athena dashed down from Olympus armed for war.

The Home was to be elevated above all. "The whole duty of a wife and a husband to each other is that they do not anger each other or wander apart in word, thought, or deed." Finally, the mother exceeds a thousand fathers in the right of reverence and in the function of education. "Good women should be honored and worshipped like the gods." "By the favors and powers of true women are the worlds upheld."

There can be no higher ideals for society and women and the Home than these early Aryan ideals, ideals that Odysseus and his Penelope lived by and that young Telemachus, that paragon of all that a youth should be, had been taught. He announces himself:

"I used to be a child, but now I know the difference between right and wrong."

Through the long years of Odysseus' absence, Penelope has wept for him and prayed, and Odysseus has even declined to stay with the immortal nymph Calypso as her husband, though she has promised to make him immortal if he will stay. He sits on the shores of her island in tears, looking toward Ithaca and longing but to see the smoke rise from his own hearthstone. His is the monogamous Aryan Home, in contrast to the polygamous Asiatic Home with its seraglio.

While Homer's theme is the ideal Aryan Home, he shows in the background the divided home of Agamemnon, which will be ended by his tragic death at the hand of his own Queen, and the broken home of his brother, King Menelaus, a churlish man, from whom his Queen, the beautiful Helen, has fled. Behind these, there are traditions of the House of Pelops, kings who broke the laws of the gods and suffered the penalty.

Throughout Homer's epics, every person pays the price for the breaking of the laws of the gods. But Wisdom and Justice and Mercy, also, are laws that must be observed. Homer's theme, then, is the tragic fate of all who had broken the Law of Zeus regarding the Home—"So perish all who do such deeds." Athena declares.

Admitting the wrong that Queen Helen had done, Homer's presentation of her is not only just, but merciful. She is not seen to be a haughty and defiant woman who is trying to brazen it through, but is pitifully broken and beaten, humble and apologetic. When Hector taunts Paris he calls Helen "a fair woman from a far country, an affliction to thy father and all the realm, to our foes a rejoicing, and to thyself a hanging of the head."

Speaking to Hector, Helen says that only he had given her kind words, and when Hector lies dead she wails over his bier:

"No longer is any left in wide Troyland to be a friend and kind to me."

But when Helen invited Hector to sit beside her, he did not do so. To Aphrodite, she speaks wild, reproachful words:

"Strange Queen, why dost thou beguile me—thou comest hither with guileful intent. Go thou and sit thou by his side! But thither will I not go."

She has come to judge Paris inferior to Menelaus, and she tells him so to his face:

"Thou comest back from the battle—would thou hadst perished there! Verily, it was thy wont to boast that thou wast a better man than Menelaus, dear to Ares, in the might of thy arm and thy spear"

That for his physical inferiority. To Hector she vows that she has seen the evil of Paris' heart:

"Would that I had been wedded to a better man who felt dishonor and the reproaches of men."

These ideals were not bad, and she was not a light woman. Her husband was not noble, and he was of the accursed House of Atreus, **driven to ruin**. Like Queen Guinevere, she had given herself to an ignoble man supposing that he was noble. If she had been wedded to a man like noble Hector, or like wise Odysseus, she might not have been tempted; as it was, she went from ignoble

(Continued on Page 37)



# OLD ATHENS

By KOSTAS DEMETRIADES

(Kostas Demetriades, head of the Greek Tourism organization in Athens, is noted for his researches



KOSTAS DEMETRIADES

into the lore of Old Athens, meaning of course the Athens of the last two hundred years or so. He has written extensively on the subject, and his books teem with reminiscences of the old customs which were in vogue some generations ago, and which are still to be seen in the old neighborhoods, especially in that section of the Greek capital known as Plaka, just below the Acropolis. Mr. Demetriades' books have been published by M. Saliveros, Publishers, Athens, Greece).

\* \* \*

Abandoning for the time being the crowded arteries of noisy Athens with their endless lines of speeding automobiles and the crowds which in their agony to get there first rush around in waves, seeking who knows what chimaeras of a better life, we slowly ascend the ever to be remembered Plaka narrows, famous in song and story and where a nostalgic romanticism is still king.

This mother-quarter of old Athens, clinging under the shadow of the sacred rock which wears as a crown the Parthenon of the historic state, certainly does not boast the marble mansions and palaces of the sprawling modern city . . .

On the contrary, it has the humble, the faded quaint little homes, with their latticed iron works, their sun-porches, and the flower-laden yards; it boasts its tiny aristocratic churches, its old marble fountains, its famous taverns that serve that ever sought "amber-colored" resin wine, and their spit-roasted meat delicacies; where row on row of wine barrels stare you in the face. Where, finally, a guitar would hang by an old portrait of Lord Byron or the Greek revolutionary hero Kolokotronis. This then is the quarter whose stone steps carry you higher and higher towards Rizocastro and the Anifiotika, where all seems like a huge theatrical drop painted by an individual artist.

From the windows and the terraces of these little houses way up on high, one may scan a general view of the all white big town, with that immense rock of the Lycabetus and its white little church of St. George jutting out from its dense

populated streets like an apparition, a sight marvelous to observe!

Wading through the narrow Plaka streets brings us sweet memories, sweet as old wine, of the good old days.

We walk through the cobble-covered narrow streets of Plaka and we get the feeling we are walking through the centuries and history itself.

Now on its narrow hilly streets we meet the most quaint characters, dressed most quaintly; the itinerant street-vendor who indeed offers "chestnut-colored soil for your flowers" or "passatempo to while away the idle hours"; or the dashing braves with their wild hair; then the Plaka sirens, girls who sport their own style, their own colorful and peculiar ways, with a peculiar aroma of sweet basil, of resin wine around them, quite different from the gasoline aroma which dominates the big city below.

Many indeed are the impressions one gathers in Plaka, impressions that leave a feeling of a lasting remembrance.

One such impression is the little square which has the monument of Lysicrates in its middle—the lantern of Diogenes—as is known to some, and all around, old, very old houses with a quaint little church.

Now in this very square, over a hundred years ago, lived Theresia Macris,—the "Maid of Athens" who as we all know, inspired the great Lord Byron.

And a little further up a narrow street, leads us to the all-white little church of the Raghaves family with its latticed bellfries and further on rises the sacred rock and the walls of the Acropolis.

It was in a mansion near this church that the famous Byzantine beauty, the Empress Theophano was born some one thousand years ago. Nearby, stands the very famous monument of Aeolus—of the Winds—with its exotic reliefs, where during the Turkish occupation, the Dervishes used to execute their mad whirling dances. And still another impression: High up on the sacred rock, we see the Monastery of the Holy Cross,—the first Athens Cathedral following the revolution in 1821, — the very beautiful church of St. Anargyroi, the cells, the small palace of the Earch, so reminiscent of the Patriarchate in Constantinople; the tombs of the royal Palaeologues in its yard, and the last gas light in Athens with a bas relief of the goddess Athena on the lampost.

And still a little further down, the first University of Modern Greece, the impressive mansion which was built by that great architect Kleanthis, in 1830.

In the old days this Plaka section was the heart of Athens.

During the dark ages of alien domination, like a new national Phoenix, it renewed the hopes of the nation, in spite of persecutions, massacres, child-snatchings so characteristic of Turkish rule.



Old Plaka, at eve takes on a peculiar rosy hue, as if set to celebrate the vespers so solemnly announced by the bells of its churches. So every housewife in the neighborhood would be seen at this hour with censer in hand. And the aroma from the frankincense mingling with the sweet smell of the blooming gazania diffuses an exhilarating aroma everywhere. And in the deep distance the silvery waters of the Saronic gulf reflect a few golden clouds that greet the setting sun. There too stand the historic mountains of Attica, Penteli, and Parnis, which at this exotic hour have donned their aetherial veils in a sort of an immaterial existence.

There too Hymettos, follows suit, changing colors as the sun sets. First it is covered with roses. In a few moments the roses turn into cyclamens of Attica. And then the color is that of the violet.

And the stars, even before their time, jump into the picture, to participate in this all memorable feast of color . . .

Now a mysterious silence spreads all over old Athens . . .

And only the winged singers of the eventide, the innumerable sparrows and other tiny birds, thronging the branches of the hoary cypress trees or under the ivy leaves—sing of Athens—the city of Beauty . . .



SECTION OF THE PLAKA DISTRICT IN ATHENS

# The Cottage on the Mountain-side

O cottage on the mountain slope, O cottage lone and still,  
Why did they leave thee cheerless and forlorn?  
I see thy windows barred and shut, thy smokeless hearth is chill  
Whene'er I chance to pass thee of a morn.

Thou givest shelter to no life; thy trees about thee loom  
Like children who have known no kind caress;  
They deck with melancholy grace thy solitude and gloom;  
The hoot-owl weeps amid their boughs' dark press.

And yet they who once built thy walls, they did not choose for nought  
The sacred silence of the woods aloof;  
They sought a refuge from a life with spite and envy fraught  
Beneath the rafters of thy fragrant roof.

Ah, here existence must have flowed sweet as a tale of yore;  
What passion vows, what tender words were said!  
I feel the sighs and pangs of love that thrilled thee to the core,  
I feel the flicker of a flame long dead.

Dead, vanished! What extinguished it? The hand of jealous Fate?  
The chill of Death? The flame's own searing heat?  
And the passions' mighty flood that streamed in rushing spate,  
To greet the ear no murmur lingers sweet.

If thou wert mine I would have come to live near thee my days,  
O tiny cottage, ruined, still and bleak;  
And tho' I ne'er would wake in thee the pain that nought allays,  
Ah, sweet with thee I would know how to speak

Of all things fair that pass for aye without for us a sigh,  
That pay no heed as swift they onward roll;  
Of all things fair that pass for aye and, as they hasten by,  
Know not that e'en a house can have a soul . . .

—MYRTIOTISSA

(From the Collection by Stephanides & Katsimbalis)



# MANGALOS

A Short Story by G. XENOPOULOS

(Translated by A. Phoutrides)

It was an afternoon in summer time. I was about twelve years old, and was playing with my brother and my sisters in the garden when we heard noises and murmurs from the street.

"That must be crazy Costas," I said, ready to run.

"It may be the clown!" said my brother more hopefully, though ready to follow me.

"And what if it is a runaway ox?" suggested my sister. "You'd better wait."

We could now hear the barking of dogs and cries of fear. Whenever an ox escaped either from Hammos' slaughter house or from the wharfs of Marine Street where the ships from Morea unloaded their cargoes, the street was not safe; so instead of running out of doors we rushed upstairs and looked out of one of the windows of our living room.

The street was in uproar; men and women, hurried by curiosity, were running from the streets nearby to see what was up. People came out of the shops, houses, and taverns. The windows were crowded with wondering girls' heads; old women stood in the doorways, and the children of the neighborhood were watching eagerly from the street corners, ready to run back to shelter.

"What is it? What is it, my son?"

"Just what is the matter, good Christians?"

Something was coming from far away, from Hammos. A big and strange parade. At the head of it came "the little fish," street urchins, dirty and ragged, jumping with excitement as they turned back to look at the sight. Then came an empty space and then a lot of people, a great dark crowd, which jammed the whole width of the street and seemed to have no end. In the middle of the empty space, nearer to the urchins than to the crowd behind, we saw a man, the hero of this parade. As soon as we caught sight of him, even before we learned who he was, we felt a cold shiver of fear. Had it been an ox we could never have been moved so much. Wrapped in a white woolen peasant cape, though it was in the heart of the summer, with new highland shoes, and a worn-out pair of trousers, he walked, thin and tall and pale-like a ghost. With coal-black beard and long, curly, thick hair that seemed never to have had any dealings with a comb, and was covered with a piece of black cloth bound into a cap, the man was advancing with the queerest step one could imagine. Had he been a crazy drunkard, he would never walk that way. You might have thought his shoes—the only new article he was wearing—stepped for the first time on the stone pavement of the street, or that the street was scattered, here and there, with burning coals which he was trying to avoid. He was going now this way and now that, mostly sideways. He would sometimes take a step back and dive into the air just as a poor diver might jump into the sea. Hop! Hop! For a moment he would lean over as if he were about to fall, but with a movement of his arm which he thrust from the cape, he would recover his balance and make an abrupt side-

ward move. I believe the empty space about him was left because of his irregular walk. Without meaning to, he kept the people away from him; and the children from the street corners stepped back toward the wall as he passed them in mortal fear that he might fall on them.

He spoke no word and looked at nobody and at nothing. His eyes, small and black, like lights that had gone out, were fixed on empty space. One could hear the shouts of the men running ahead to get a glimpse of him, and the general hubbub that rose from the distant crowd, making a long train behind him, and mingled with the barking of the dogs. The urchins ahead of him and the people that were behind and next to him were serious and silent, and their silence—I might almost say respect—made his passing even more mysterious. If he were crazy or drunk, the urchins would surely pest him and jeer at him. If he were a bandit, a runaway, or a criminal, that Hammos gang, who were so proud of their strength, would have caught him. What in the world could this man be, and why was he followed by this crowd?

A boy walking behind him was carrying a big pack of clothes and blankets of a faded color, bound with an old rope. At the boy's side and at the head of the serious looking escort, I saw Yannes Mangalos, our good neighbor, the butcher, who was the father of Mary, my girl-friend of my own age. He was talking in a low voice to his companions and gesticulating with excitement while he often pointed at the strange man. It was evident that Yannes Mangalos, the father of my little girl-friend, was very much moved. His round, ruddy face seemed to me to have lost its color, but I could not say whether it showed joy, astonishment, worry, sorrow, anger or fear. Everything at that hour seemed to me strange and unexplainable. I was eagerly listening for the word that would explain it all.

At last, I heard it. As the tall man with the cape passed our window, and we were watching him from behind, we were struck with the appearance of his shoulders, which seemed to be of different height. Just then, Taso, the weaver woman, who lived across the street and had two great eyes that made me always afraid, raised her voice and spoke plainly and clearly to another woman neighbor.

"Isn't he Constantine, the brother of Mangalos, who has spent, of my eyes! fifteen years in prison for killing Kalligeros?"

"Bah! Bah!" exclaimed the other woman, "and today, my son, his term has come to an end and he is out again.

"Sure enough! Free again!"

At that moment the crowd turned left at the first corner, which in our neighborhood was known as Mangalos' corner, because the Mangalos home was there. Those who found room slipped behind Constantine



## ATHENE

---

and his brother. The others were jammed at the crossing, pushing each other and standing on tip-toe to see how the man just freed would step on the threshold of his home after fifteen years in prison. There was some good reason for the curiosity of the crowd that had rushed to the place to see this sight. In truth, it was something one could not see every day!

Now that we had found out the cause of it all and felt sure that we were not running any risk with lion or ox, we ran downstairs and mingled with the crowd. We had enough courage then to slip between the big men's legs and to reach Mangalos' home, but mother interfered with our intentions and sent the servant to pick us up.

I don't remember whether I learned Constantine Mangalos' story on that day or later. But I will tell it to you as I know it.

He was twenty-five years old before he got into trouble, a fine man and a butcher by trade, like his brother. As most people were in Zante, at that time, he was a devoted radical and a blind follower of Lombardos, the leader of his party. Lombardos was then in all his glory and the people's idol, the object of their worship. They had him for a second god and sang about him:

"Lombardos mine, your way may lead  
Through lovely meadows green,  
And may you feed your riding horse,  
In fields of royal mint.

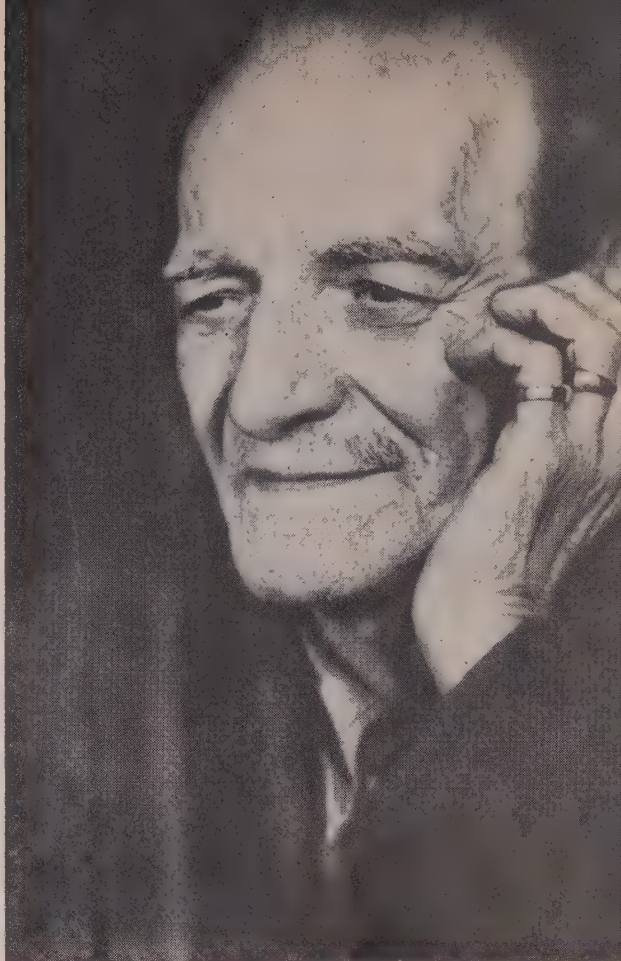
"I wish the hills might stoop for me,  
To see the town of Athens,  
And hear my own Lombardos speak,  
Before the people's fathers."

—:—

But the much beloved Lombardos had an enemy. Rather, many enemies, I should say; for the party of nobles was not small even at that time. But one was counted above all the others; Kalligeros, a lawyer and a journalist, a man with good brains and with a strong and fearless pen. He had a paper of his own and in its columns he knocked relentlessly at Lombardos and his party. Of course, the followers of Lombardos struck back often, either with their leader's pen or with some hired man's club. Sometimes with both. But the ear of Kalligeros "would not sweat to anything" and he continued to wage war. One Sunday morning, his paper came out with a terrible article, the worst of all. It must have contained some great truth or some great lie because Lombardos himself was deeply hurt, and not only was he hurt—which might have happened more than once—but he showed it, too. His followers saw him sad that day and heard him say a few angry words. One of them, whether really angry or anxious to display his loyalty, dropped a word in the leader's parlor.

"That scoundrel needs killing!"

Did Lombardos hear this? Or was he too troubled to hear what had been said? Nobody knows. But, it seems, he said nothing. Neither yes nor no. Or if he did say a few words later, the usual ones, to clam down the spirits of his men—for he always liked to mix a little water with the wine of his followers—Constantine Mangalos had not heard them. He had already rushed out of the parlor beside himself.



A Characteristic Pose of the Aging Xenopoulos

"Where are you going, fellow?" asked his friend Klapatsas, the pet of the Hammos gang, who met him in the hall.

"Let me go, damn him!" Constantine roared and ran down the stairs as if he was chased by somebody. His friend Klapatsas followed him.

This had happened Sunday noon. On the same day, Kalligeros was found dead. At midnight, as he was going home from the club, three shots were fired at him. The assassination stirred up all the island of Zante. It caused so much sensation that the authorities were obliged to hunt up the assassins with unusual zeal and actually to arrest them—a very rare event in those days of party terror. They proved to be Constantine Mangalos and his friend Klapatsas. They were betrayed by a woman who had seen and recognized them. At the end they confessed themselves. The trial was quick and short. They were hit hard; fifteen years for the one and ten for the other. Lombardos was unwilling to do anything in their behalf and he did not even try to influence the agents of justice, for fear of his enemies who had spread the rumor that he had set these men to kill Kalligeros. Mangalos, however, declared before the court in plain words that he had not been influenced by anyone, that he had been actuated only by his own feelings and that he had alone come to the conclusion to offer himself "as a sacrifice." For it had made a terrible impression on him to see Lombardos, his god, made miserable because of Kalligeros and his article. He also said that he had influenced his friend Klapatsas to help him in the crime of revenge.



This explanation, coming with all sincerity from an otherwise blameless man whose feelings, stirred up by his faith in his ideal, had made him a criminal in an unlucky hour, not only cleared Lombardos from all suspicion but it lightened the position of Mangalos himself. It was his confession and no influence from the party leader that induced the court to impose a lenient sentence on him. But his fifteen years were spent in the dark prison without a single day's grace; and when the last day had come, his brother Yannes went to pay all his expenses before they could set him free. So we saw him suddenly in that summer afternoon, returning to his father's home to start life again.

Start life again! Easily said! But is it so easy for a man who has been shut up in a prison from the twenty-fifth to the fortieth year of his life to make a new beginning? Constantine Mangalos had even forgotten how a man walks! Had we not seen him? A crazy drunkard never walks that way!

From our attic window we could see a back window of Mangalos' home opening on their small yard, which was surrounded by a high and blackened old wall. At that window I happened to see Mangalos again, about five or six days afterward. He was sitting before the window, leaning his hands on the bare sill and looking at something in front of him, fixedly and persistently. As my eyes lighted suddenly on his bare head and his pale face, which appeared small under his thick long hair, I was frightened and drew back. Then I peeped out again with some hesitation, and when I became sure that he would not move his glance from the one point, I took courage to watch him.

The more I watched him the more I wondered;

I was still a child but somehow I could tell one crime from another. The man who had killed in a moment of deep feeling, without interest or hatred, could never be for me like the ordinary "terrible criminal" or "bloody robber." In my child's conscience, even without knowing the terminology, I could distinguish a political crime from a common one. But a murderer was always a murderer and I could not help feeling the horror of it. Then there were the angry criticisms of other people, the aversion and horror of the neighbors, the fear and terror of women and children. Once I had heard a woman neighbor saying to my mother: "The criminal, the scoundrel, who blackened the honorable name of Mangalos! Why couldn't they let him die in bonds, my lady? Why have they let him out and brought him here in the midst of us? We can't be safe even in our homes now'. Who knows what bad things he will manage to do again? God preserve us, my lady, from such men!"

All this impressed me greatly. In my imagination, the ex-convict was unlike any of us. He must be a bad man and one must see his bad character painted on his very face. For that reason the more I looked at him the more I wondered. No trace of such bad character, no trace of inner ugliness could be seen on that pale face, with its unkempt hair and beard; nothing but the misery of a long imprisonment. On the contrary, I could detect a strange beauty, almost a saintly look, something noble and sad and martyr-like on his features, and above all, in his dark eyes that seemed lost in dreams under their care-blackened eyelashes.

It may seem strange but I must say it: In the chapel of our neighborhood, by the right post of the Holy Gate, there was a picture of the beheading of St. John.

I could remember distinctly the head of John, the Fore-runner, as it lay on a plate held by a soldier. It was pale, sad, and hairy. I was reminded most vividly of this head when I saw Constantine Mangalos leaning on his window. In my imagination I saw iron bars as I had often seen them in prison windows. That man still seemed to me a prisoner even in his own house. I saw him in the midst of a martyrdom cleansing him of his crime in this world and I could not help thinking of him as of a repentant sinner. Unexpectedly and unwillingly, I began from that day on to feel sorry for him and to sympathize with him.

For a moment only he turned his eyes towards me but did not see me. Then he withdrew, and as I could not see any longer, I left the attic.

Next day I heard terrible things. Mangalos was altogether beside himself. At night, they said, he saw ghosts, sprang wild and terrified from his bed, aroused his household, stirred up the neighborhood, and acted like mad. Striding up and down the house he shouted "War is coming!" with a wild voice that made everybody shudder. Paraskeve, the wife of his brother, Yannes, was afraid he might strangle them some night and demanded of her husband that they should move from the house. Yannes persuaded her to be patient for a few days by telling her that it was all the result of the prison and that when Constantine became accustomed to the house and his freedom he would gradually calm down.

But no improvement took place! Every day he became worse. It was impossible for anyone to live with him. Since half of the house belonged to him, Yannes had neither the right nor the desire to make him leave it, and so, after five days' troubles and vain hopes, he decided to take his wife and children and to seek a home elsewhere. The madman was left alone in the deserted Mangalos home to shout "War-is coming!" all night, without bothering anyone except his nearest neighbors.

I heard this with considerable regret because, as I have already said, Yannes Mangalos had a daughter of my age, who was my friend. Her name was Mary and she often came to our garden where we christened my sister's dolls and built houses with mud. I could not find any more pleasure in these plays but I did like to sit near my little blonde friend, who was plump and had a light and fresh complexion. Her voice, too, had a long, caressing drawl that I can hear even now. Especially when she said "Give it to me-eee." And I did give it to her, whatever it was, which made my sister very jealous. But now, for the madman's sake, I had to lose my friend. Here was ample reason for me to hate him as the whole neighborhood did.

Still, I could see no evil on his face! I would often watch him, with his dreamy eyes, as he leaned from his own little window, and every time I saw him more convinced of his likeness to St. John, and my confidence in him grew stronger and stronger. Perhaps I was the only child in our neighborhood who was not afraid of the wild man. One day I even spoke to him, and nodded when I thought he was looking my way. This made him fix his eyes on me with curiosity and astonishment, and some sign of pleasure, too. Mustering more courage, and I called out to him:

"Good day, Constantine! How are you? How are you getting along?"



He looked at me for a while again and then he asked with a grimace that bore a very faint resemblance to a smile:

"Is this Glegorakis?"

That he should know my name impressed me very much, for I knew he was in prison when I was born.

"Yes, I said. "How do you know me?"

"Well," he answered with a more pronounced smile, "how could I help knowing the little master?" I had forgotten that I was the little master of our neighborhood. The compliment was just as flattering to me as my greeting was flattering to Constantine, and from that moment we became friends.

My mother encountered me as I was coming down from the attic with:

"Were you speaking with Mangalos, the madman? Don't let me catch you doing it again! Do you hear?"

I answered no word to Mother. Secretly I promised myself to disobey her. On the following days I could not catch Mangalos at his back window. It seemed that he spent his time shut in the house or before his front window. Besides, I had heard someone say that a newlywed woman who happened to be passing with her husband around Mangalos' corner almost fainted when she saw the madman with the wild hair hanging from the lower window. I laughed at the picture, but on the same night I had reason to be frightened a little myself by the same madman.

I woke up just before daybreak and in the quiet of the night, I heard strange voices. I soon knew it was Mangalos, who was up again in mad excitement shouting his usual alarm:

"War-is coming!"

I heard his footsteps as he walked back and forth in his house. Now and then their irregular sounds stopped and his shrill voice was heard above everything. When he had done shouting, he resumed his endless walk. His phrase was pronounced in two different tones. First, he uttered a wild, quick, and sudden shout, like a command:

"War!"

Then, after a pause, followed a calmer, deeper, and lower sound:

"Is coming!"

And immediately the walk was resumed.

It seemed to me the madman was very near, almost outside of the half-opened window of my room. I was so frightened that I sprang up in my nightshirt, ran into my mother's room and woke her up.

"Listen, Mother!"

"What is it?" she asked, frightened out of her sleep.

"Mangalos, the madman! Can you hear him?"

She listened silently for a while, then she made the sign of the cross with a passing expression of pity, and pretending to be angry, said to me:

"You had better hear him since you like to talk with him. Only keep quiet; you might wake up the children."

I shut my window and went to bed again; but I could not close my eyes. As I heard the madman's voice and pictured in my mind his dark and wild face, his black hair and beard, his ascetic figure, and his excited movements, I was mortally afraid he might at any moment come out, walk over the tiles of the roof

and appear at the window, nodding to me like a ghost. . . .

At last he became silent and quiet again. The dawn was just breaking with a rosy streak when I fell asleep, not before I had promised myself a thousand times that I would never again speak to him. I decided that night, if not to hate him, at least to be afraid of him as all others were. But it so happened that three days went by before I could see him or hear his voice again. It seemed that the freed ex-convict had passed the critical stage of his excitement . . . war and everything else. I forgot all my promises and regained my old confidence, so that when I saw him again one afternoon from the window of our attic I greeted him and asked him how he was.

"How could I be?" he answered in bitter melancholy. "I am thirsty and have no water to drink!" And he turned over his earthen water-jar to show it was empty. I knew that his brother sent him food every day and I asked again:

"The boy brings you food, doesn't he bring you water, too?"

"He does but I drink it too soon. It is so warm. Once more not a drop is left. How can I get any? You know I cannot go out myself."

"Why?"

Constantine condescended to answer a child's candor:

"Because I am still a prisoner. Perhaps the men have let me free but He who is high up hasn't forgiven me yet."

He turned his head towards the sky exactly like the head I had seen painted in the church. His words and his motion made me shudder—I remember that very well. What could a child say to that? So I turned back to the water.

"Why don't you ask from some of the women neighbors?"

"Ah," he answered with an expression of contempt, "one cannot expect anything from them!"

I understood his meaning well, and I thought of him in all his loneliness and abandonment, banned from all society and avoided by everyone, like a man stricken with leprosy or pestilence. He was thirsty! One could see from his pale and parched lips that he was thirsty! And it was so warm! Just then a fine impulse came to me and I called out to him:

"Just wait a minute! I'll bring you some water!"

I ran down the double stairway, rushed into the kitchen, seized a tin can, filled it with water from our jar, and, before anyone could see me and hold me back, I was out on the street. Running as fast as I could without spilling the water, I turned Mangalos' corner.

"Where are you going with it?" asked Mrs. Mantalena, my first teacher, from her window.

"To Mangalos," I answered without stopping, "he asked me for some water."

A good-looking girl, who was living in a single story house next to Mangalos' home, heard my words, looked at me with wonder in her black eyes and whispered:

"He will strangle you!"

Without stopping I answered with a nod. There was no fear of such a thing happening. Yet I was really

(Continued on Page 38)



# FIVE POEMS

From the Volume  
"Apollo In Times Square"

By the Well Known Greek Poet NICHOLAS G. LELY  
Translated by Joseph Auslander

## AH! THE NIGHTINGALES

The calm dusky sun  
And the sunset's release  
In my soul have both spun  
A most infinite peace

And instantly fade  
All burning desires:  
A lake magic made  
Drowns, drowns drowns fires.

And waterlilies gently  
Loom across mystery-scented,  
Gazing at me intently  
Like friendly dreams that haunted  
My heart for years clinging,  
When in it were singing  
All the nightingales  
Ah, so many nightingales.

## PSYCHE

"Would I were the wild flower  
Down in the valley pining.

'And she held me, broken, a tiny hour,  
Then should she see how I am shining.

"Would I were a pebble by the sea,  
Cast up for her to tread upon,  
Then the ocean, out of jealousy,  
Would come and kiss the cold stone.

"Would I were the sky's one cloud,  
With its thousand stars attending,  
To glisten on my small rain proud,  
To refresh her window-flowers bending."

And Eros, as with a yearning sigh,  
Advised the amorous nightingale;  
With dream-songs smoothly lullaby  
Her sleep till morning stars grow pale.

## NOVEMBER

Grim stands the face of the hill,  
Bare the valley lingers on,  
The trees are at standstill,  
And fear grips the horizon.

Down sway pale the leaves,  
Scarcely is heard a bird's song,  
A thin veil of haze gives  
A touch of sorrow all along.

## SPRING

Before I was brought to birth,  
I knew you as mother, earth,  
In whose dark bosom, you and I  
Dwelt in unity.  
So when Spring her splendour flaunts  
Her green my memory haunts,  
As I breathed in dark deep  
The jasmine still in earth asleep.

But now, oh Spring, that you overflow  
In trees and blossoms where birds go  
Singing, dancing on tip-toe,  
I run to you, to you I press,  
Forestall you in my eagerness,  
With as homage on my part,  
My heartbeat and my heart.

## ATOMIC SOLILOQUY

Say! who dared indeed to force thy shrine?  
Did man or Fate unleash this folly?  
Or was thine the stellar design  
To split an earth grown unholy?

Hide, good heaven, oh hide the thunder,  
Hold thy storms and flashing bolts  
For distant worlds to tear asunder,  
That might be dreaming mad revolts.

Restore the magic of the unknown.  
Bind Prometheus to the vulture.  
Lower the curtain! Let a young dawn  
Throw her mantle on the tragic venture.



Nicholas G. Lely (right) most recently Greek Ambassador at the Hague, was honored by the diplomatic body of the Dutch capital on the occasion of his departure to assume the directorship of the Greek Office of Information in New York. Here we see the Ambassador of Iran chatting with Mr. Lely.

Athene readers will remember Mr. Lely, as several of his poems were printed here some years back.





## Athene Honored at a Party

On the occasion of the 15th anniversary celebration of Athene magazine which takes place this year, the Chicago committee is organizing a series of literary gatherings. One such gathering took place at the palatial home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Kouris, of Chicago. Here on this page are some informal photographs from this splendid gathering, which was honored by the Consul General of Greece in Chicago, Mr. Theo. Baizos, and his staff, as well as by representative personalities in the artistic and literary world of the community.

More than sixty persons attended this memorable Athene party, which took place on the evening of the 28th of May.

Seen in the above photographs are: Top row, first photo, L to R) seated: Mrs. Tom Kouris, the hostess; Hon. Theo. Baizos, Consul General of Greece in Chicago and Mr. John Manos, Past Supreme President of G. A. P. A. (Standing) Mr. Tom Kouris; Mrs. Demosthenes Georgoulis, and D. Michalaros, editor of Athene. — (Next photo) Miss Theano Brotsos, and Mr. Demosthenes I. Georgoulis, prominent Chicago lawyer and chairman of the Athene 15th Anniversary Committee in Chicago. — (3rd photo) Again Mr. Baizos, Mr. Michalaros and Mrs. Alicia Panages Herman, special events writer and member of the Advertising Dept. of Athene. — Coming down we note (in the first photo, L to R) Miss Georgia Drake, radio and television personality; Mr. Nick Economos, Athene art Editor, and Miss Brotsos. — Next we see the magnificent buffet supper prepared by the gracious hostess. Partaking of the feast are: Dr. S. D. Soter; Mrs. D. Michalaros; Mrs. N. Manos; Mrs. N. Tsarpalas, and Mrs. A. Teacherson. — Third row, L to R: First photo: M. Lascaris, well known fur manufacturer and Dr. Soter. — (Second photo) Mr. Nicholas Manos, prominent Chicago attorney and member of the Athene Committee; Mrs. N. Manos; Mr. Drake Leoris, well known Chicago attorney and Mrs. N. Tsarpalas. — (Fourth row, first photo, L to R) Mrs. S. Dokos, Mrs. Steve Skoules and Mrs. Dio Giannakis. — Last photo: Mr. Harry E. Gabriellides and Miss Niki Farmakis, well known columnist.

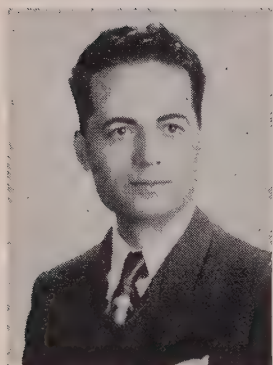


The program included an inspiring talk by the Hon. Theo. Baizos. Recitations by Mrs. Herman from Mr. Michalaros' poetry. Solos by Alexander Kalamaras, and by Miss Georgia Drake. George T. Gianas played selections on his violin. The committee discussed plans for the promotion of the 15th Anniversary campaign of the magazine, in conjunction with similar committees which have been formed in New York, Athens, Greece and many other cities.



# POEMS FROM GREECE

Book Reviews by Costas M. Proussis



COSTAS M. PROUSSIS

The poetic harvest in Greece has always been bountiful, though the crop is not always ripe and succulent. Far more poetry is published there each year than any other kind of literary production. With some of last years' poems I am briefly dealing below.

\* \* \*

**The Lost Eagle**, (Athens, 1953, of Miss Avghi Saccali, is her fifth book of poetry. Here, again, her

poems are a biography of her soul, intimate monologues, responses of inner motivations and exterior causes,—but with deeper vibration now, wider perspective, and much more elaborate style. A turning to mysticism has led her to formal religion, thus providing her with a new, for her, kind of security—though under the serene surface of complacency one may easily detect the passion of life. It is a play between hope and despair, serenity and agitation, forbearance and anger, docility and stubbornness, a heart-rending play, which, though not always dressed with the proper poetic form, yet is touching and moving for its sincerity and power. She is easily distracted from her seeming serenity by hopes, worries, and dreams, but manages, consciously or instinctively, to translate these anxieties into vivid poetic images and moral comments.

**Memories**, (Athens, 1952), is the title of the poems of Miss Olga Papastamo, written in the old vein: conventional themes, in an even more conventional form. The poor girl is still in love with someone who deserted her and went abroad. However, her memories of their earlier happy days and her pain of her present abandonment—though they are legitimate impulses for pushing one to versification—have not been elevated into strains of genuine poetry. They remain undigested, trite events, in prosaic, colorless verse

Miss Antigoni Galanaki-Vourleki's poems, titled **Prisoner Memory**, (Athens, 1953), stand at a much higher level. Warm feelings and vivid thoughts are well-presented in a series of gentle poems of free verse. Since her first collection (**Chimeras**, 1938), she has achieved a steady improvement both in content and form. Her sincerity and plainness evoke direct responses relevant to her purpose, which is to explain situations and meditate upon them with elegance and subdued passion.

But the poetess of Modern Greece is still Myrtiotissa, Mrs. Theoni Drakopoulou, whose entire work has now been republished in a single volume with the plain title **Poems**, (Athens, 1953). Myrtiotissa is

an old lady by now (born 1883), and many poetesses appeared meanwhile, yet her first position among them remains unchallenged. It is not the excellency of her poetry, nor the profundity of her ideas or the novelty and boldness of her art that entitle her to that outstanding place, for she has none of these qualities. She is not a pioneer in Modern Greek poetry, nor did she always give her verse the superlative finish of art. But she still is the first Greek poetess because she has remained true to her nature as woman: She feels and thinks throughout her poetry as woman, and sings as woman. Having always in mind the risk involved in making analogies, yet one may say that Myrtiotissa, at least in this respect, is a lesser Sappho (without her enormous passion and sublime art) or Elizabeth Barrett Browning (without her scholarship and broad humanitarian sympathies). She is sincere in her feelings and straightforward in expressing them—so much so that her frankness and spontaneity sometimes appear bold and shocking. But it is a warm womanly heart that throbs passionately through her poetry, and a candid, imaginative, womanly mind that struggles gently but steadily to soothe the pains or enhance the pleasures of life and nature. Her gifts: sensibility, ardor, sincerity, fantasy, a discriminating ear, and often, if not unfailingly, control over form, are excellently represented in her collected poems.

Mr. Costas Kalantzis is a careless prolific author. Prose and poetry, short stories and historical treatises easily come out of his pen, but it is very doubtful whether he possesses real creative or aesthetic powers. His present small collection of poems, **Funeral Dirge on the Chaos' Firstborn Daughter**, (Athens, 1950), is versified chatter with good intentions, but of very poor poetic accomplishment. Especially the statement of the second part, **Sepulchral**, stays far below the deeds of the heroic men whom Mr. Kalantzis intends to praise and immortalize by his verse.

Mr. Costas Kyrris has given a pompously suggestive title to his first poems: **In Search of Ariadne's Thread**, (Cyprus, 1953). His ambitious aim is further stressed by the subtitle, "The Adventure of an Ethical and Aesthetic Agony," and two densely printed pages of "Some Explanations" full of capitalized and underlined words—but, unfortunately, the result of all these vociferous precautions remain questionable. No Labyrinth or Minotaur bewilder us convincingly in these poems, nor any distressed (but finally delivered and deliverer) Theseus emerges to the light with the aid of Ariadne's thread through the intricate maze of modern life and thought. Neither does any agony appear convincingly pathetic or powerfully expressed, or does any poem give, morally or aesthetically, any deliverance or restoration. There is too much rhetoric, which, certainly, is not necessarily poetry; indignation easily alternates with complacency; bold attitudes substitute for conformity; avid flames of intellectual curiosity soon expire to verses



of smoky ashes. Thus Mr. Kyrris leaves much to be desired, both in substance and form. But he is young, intelligent, industrious, and ambitious, and this book is but his first effort. If he, despite his impulse to voluminous writing, (he announces scores of various books—poetry, drama, essays, etc.—ready for publication!), exerts—as he should—a strict self-criticism, his second harvest may be really fruitful.

On the other hand Mr. Sofronis A. Sofroniou, with his meek but stimulating **Crossroad**, (Cyprus, 1954), makes his first appearance as a genuine poet of lyrical meditation and keen perception of the complex motives and moods of our times. He follows the modern trends of poetry, but without becoming captive of undigested influences. He remains steadily in control of the helm of his ship through the complexity of modern poetical trends, and speaks, modestly but in clear terms, his own language and his own mind. His meditative attitude toward the world enables him to make sensitive remarks on life in plain, unaffected style, with noble sorrow and gratifying seriousness. He sparks his poems with keen insights, arresting in their plainness illustrations, well-chosen allusions, and varied language, so that his ideas are generally simply stated, clearly explained, and vividly illustrated. His poetry captures and sustains the reader's interest with its content and form, creates the appropriate atmosphere of poetical reverie, and evokes spontaneous responses of serenity and nobility. Mr. Sofroniou's first book is a first class promise for wider poetic ventures.

Mr. Vasilis Rotas is a prolific writer both in prose and poetry, a vivid, diversely and effectively active personality, a genuine and pure soul, a man whose life, work, and achievements cannot be justly appreciated in a brief review. Perhaps we may attempt an extensive and thorough examination of Rotas on another occasion. Here we confine our concern only to his two last books of poetry, **Songs**, (Athens, 1952), and **Guitar and Carnation**, (Athens, 1953). Both collections abound in common sense, common wisdom and kindness, and perhaps for that reason many poems seem to be folk-poems, or at least follow the types of folk-poetry. Most of them are plain and simple, straightforward, both in feeling and meaning—in fact sometimes they are very close to commonplace and simple-mindedness. They are kind, amusing, or bizarre pieces of life or theatricalism. However, in a great many of his poems he tried to be complicated, seriously treating philosophical and political themes, but his creative and synthetic abilities frequently leave him short of his poetic end, and thus often these poems fall to trivialities and cheap wit or degenerate to newspaper editorials. Mr. Rotas uses for the most part the established metres, accumulates adjectives and appositions, explains and reexplains self-evident facts and situations, and tries to move and convince by a deliberately planned, calculated use of everyday life and preconceived notions.

\* \* \*

Every new approach to the poetic books of Old Testament is always welcome, be it a new translation or a study, for, really, there are comparatively few works in Modern Greek in that area.

Mr. A. Kalambousis has made a new translation of **David's Psalms**, (Athens, 1953), in typical fifteen-syllable unrimed verse. The translation contains all the Psalms, but no introduction or commentary appears there to help and guide the reader, not even a note stating whether the translation was made from the Hebrew or the Greek (Septuaginta) text. The translation is read easily, but it seems loose and monotonous—and for good reasons: First, no translation of a poetic work can ever attain the freshness and power of the prototype—and least the translation or a translation. Second, the **Psalms** and other poetic works of the Bible have each different and varied poetic form and style, which cannot be successfully transferred to another style and form of another language and culture. Also, their content does not always show the same disposition of soul, heart and mind, but moves from the lyric to the dramatic or narrative, sometimes even to grandiose or epic. The feelings and thoughts, plain and undeveloped here, become complicated and powerful there, towering with their compactness and strength the beauty or terseness of form. Thus, not a single form can always be the appropriate form to accommodate such a wealth. It is true that the fifteen-syllable verse has been widely used in Modern Greek poetry for any kind of poetic material, in short and long poems, lyric, dramatic, or narrative poems; yet its exclusive use in a poetic work of such variety, as the **Psalms**, does not absolve it of the danger of becoming monotonous and, hence, inappropriate. This, certainly, was realized by Mr. K. Frilingos, who in his beautiful translation (directly from the Hebrew) of a selection from **David's Psalms**, (Athens, 1947), used different metres—the free verse, predominantly. I believe that the best way for translating the **Psalms** is to translate it in free verse or in poetic prose. For that reason I would like to see a modern Greek translation of the **Psalms** by such masters of poetic prose as Nicos Nicolaides or the late Zacharias Papandoniou. Yet, Kalambousis' translation is not to be thrown away. It is, at least, the only complete translation we have available now.

Speaking of psalms, it is well to mention the **Contemporary Psalms**, (San Francisco, 1954), of Rev. Paul Finfinis, though it is not a book of poetry. It is an attempt to revamp the use of the psalmodic scheme in prose, with modern themes and problems, as a way of addressing God in these days of distress. Perhaps the effect is not satisfactory, but the attempt and its sincere intent are worth noticing.

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Before closing this fast review of recent Greek poetry, I would like to say a few words about a new **Bibliography of Costis Palamas**, (Athens, 1953), by Mr. G. C. Katsimbalis. This bibliography covers the ten years since Palamas' death, (1943-1953), and catalogues 1298 items (books, poems, articles, reviews and information, etc.) concerning the great poet. The entries are made with the careful scholarship which we have come to expect of Mr. Katsimbalis from his earlier exemplary bibliography is not only a tribute to Palamas and a great help to the students of his poetry, but also a credit to modern Greek scholarship. Mr. Katsimbalis is, again, leading the way of modern Greek philological research with his excellent bibliographies.



# Greeks on the Western Hemisphere

By THEODORE N. CONSTANT, PAUL KOKEN and S. G. CANOUTAS

## I. During the Period of Discovery

### 4. Juan De Fuca

#### 6. Historians Favoring Juan De Fuca's Discovery

(Continued from previous issue)

HENRY R. WAGNER, in his work entitled: **Spanish Explorations in the Strait Juan de Fuca** (1933) says:

These were nothing but fables, which had attained some vogue through the dissemination of maps of Jos. Nicolas DeLisle and Philippe Bauche and articles concerning them. . . . A full account of the origin, progress and decline of these fables will be found in the writer's Apocryphal Voyages to the Northwest Coast of America. . . . The discovery of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, not the mythical one of the Greek pilot, but the one bearing the name, is shrouded in some obscurity. There seems to be no particular reason however to doubt that Captain Charles William Barkley of the Imperial Eagle discovered it in July, 1787. . . . From what has been said . . . up to this time neither Spaniards nor foreigners have been able to give any exact information about these straits . . . and I have read in some accounts that there was neither such an Admiral de Fonte, nor any such Juan de Fuca. My opinion however is that these two navigators made these discoveries but their observations were incorrect by reason of their journals were never received nor kept on account of the events in Europe in those times, as none of them is to be found.<sup>7</sup>

The glaring inconsistencies of this author destroy the importance of his opinion. He first regards Juan de Fuca's discovery as a myth; then he recognizes Barkley as the discoverer of the strait; then again he admits that de Fonte and de Fuca discovered the strait but their observations were incorrect and no account of the discovery has been kept.

#### 6. Historians Favoring Juan de Fuca's Discovery

CAPTAIN MEARES, an Englishman, purchased in 1788 two vessels, **Felice** and **Iphigenia**, and made a voyage from China to the Northwest coast of America. He had a chart in his book marked "John de Fuca Strait". He writes as follows:

The strongest curiosity impelled us to enter this strait, which we shall call by the name of its original discoverer, John de Fuca. Some accounts of the straits of John de Fuca are handed down to us from the very respectable authority of Hakluyt and Purchas. . . . We had now ocular demonstration of its existence and we are persuaded, that if Captain Cook had seen this strait, he would have thought it worthy of farther examination.<sup>8</sup>

Captain Meares publishes pictures of the straits. In his introductory observations he calls the ministers of his country "the venerable and parsimonious ministers" because they refused to advance the money which Michael Lok asked in order to send Juan de Fuca for a perfect discovery of the strait. He also writes regarding the report of Lok published in Purchas' book as follows:

We were forcibly struck with the resemblance between the inhabitants as described by John de Fuca and those with which we had a communication. . . . They are clothed in furs and bears skins.

MARTIN FERNANDEZ DE NAVARRETE in his book, **Espinoza, A Spanish Voyage in 1792**<sup>9</sup>, writes: "This expedition was made by the schooners, **Sutil** and **Mexicana** for the exploration (not discovery) of Juan de Fuca Strait proposed to the Count of Revillagigero, viceroy of New Spain." This author admits the existence of the Juan de Fuca Strait and does not claim that the Spaniards or the English discovered it. He continues: "Down to the year 1789 the only information which we possessed of JUAN DE FUCA STRAIT was the confused account of its discovery in 1552, left by the Greek pilot who gave it his name." Then he adds:

Search for the discovery of the "mythical Anian", as was called the strait, before Fuca gave his name in 1592, started from various directions. Spanish started from Western side, as they controlled Central America and Mexico. Cortez as soon as he established himself in Mexico, sent the first expedition in 1532, which was almost exterminated partly by Guzman and partly by the Indians. . . . Then Cortez went himself, but as the viceroy arrived in Mexico, he had to return there.

ALEXANDER DE HUMBOLDT in his **Political Essay on Kingdom of New Spain** (1811, translated from the French) after exalting the Spanish genius and character of the 16th century and stating that their minds were occupied with the problem of a passage to the Northwest and a direct road to East Indies, he mentions the apocryphal voyages of Ferrar Maldonado, Juan de Fuca, and Bartholomeo Fonte, to which for a long time only too much importance was given, and continues as follows:

The most part of the impostures published under the names of these three navigators were destroyed by the laborious and learned discussions of several officers of the Spanish marine.<sup>10</sup>

Then he mentions two such Spanish officers who reported that they were unable to find a single document in which the pilot Fuca or the admiral Fonte were named. And he adds:

The celebrated Malaspina . . . discontented with not having seen at a suffi-



cient nearness the extent of coast from the island of Nootka to cape Mendocino, he engaged the Count de Revillagigero, the viceroy, to prepare a new expedition of discovery towards the northwest coast of America. The viceroy yielded to the desire, as he had new information from the officers stationed at Nootka as to the probability of the existence of a channel, of which the discovery was attributed to the Greek pilot, Juan de Fuca, in the end of the 16th century . . . It was to complete this survey that the galeras Sutil and Mexicana left Acapulco on the 8th of March, 1792, under the command of Don Dionisio Galiano and Don Gayetano Valdes. . .<sup>10</sup>

Even the Spanish officers at Nootka attributed the discovery of the strait to Juan de Fuca. We also see that another expedition was sent in 1792 to complete the survey.

GRENHOW, in his *History of Oregon and California* (1845), writes that the account of the voyage and discovery of Juan De Fuca was considered for a long time almost a fiction; but more recent examination in that part of the world have established a strong presumption in favor of its authenticity and general correctness. He says:

**The geographical descriptions are as nearly conformal with the truth, as those of any other of a voage written in that period.**

Then he points out the old age of the Greek pilot, the fact that he was talking from recollection, and all the other circumstances, and concludes that certain errors were natural. He speaks of Michael Lok as an intelligent and respectable merchant engaged in Levant trade; consul at Aleppo, intimate friend of Hakluyt, for whom he translated the "Decades of Pedro Martir" and furnished other papers published by the collector; and that he wrote to Walter Raleigh and other eminent persons in England.

EMERSON D. FITE and ARCHIBALD FREEMAN in their work, *A Book of Old Maps Delineating American History*, etc. (1926), writes as follows:

**"The French scholars at St. Petersburg (about the middle of the 18th century when the Imperial Academy of Sciences opened) in common with scientific men in general, were also acquainted with the alleged geographical discovery of Juan De Fuca, and must have passed this along to Bering . . . Purchas' note probably did more to perpetuate the mythical story of the strait of Juan De Fuca than any maps. . . . That De Fuca found the entrance to a strait at the point indicated may well be believed, for the present Strait of Juan De Fuca, named in his honor, is in the location specified in the story . . ."**

In this map book there is contained a map of North America by Michael Lok made in 1582. This is probably the one shown to Juan De Fuca by Lok at Venice in 1596. This is further proof that Michael Lok was not an ordinary man. He was familiar with geographical discoveries in America long before he met the aged Greek pilot.

G. P. MULLER wrote a book in German entitled, *Voyages and Discoveries Made by the Russians Along the Coasts of the Glacial Sea and the Oriental Ocean, Towards Japan as well as America*, with a new map showing these discoveries drawn on authentic proofs and published by the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg. This book contains final corrections on the subject and refers to Juan De Fuca as the "discoverer" of the Juan De Fuca Strait in 1592. A few other names appear in the book of persons pretending to be the discoverers of the Strait. The book also accepts Juan De Fuca's discovery of the Strait as duly proved. The book was published in Amsterdam in 1766.

ALEX S. TAYLOR of Monterey, California, wrote two articles in the *Hutchings's Magazine* in September 1859 in connection with the question of Juan De Fuca's discovery of the Strait.

Taylor regrets that:

**"The character and veracity of this great navigator, after whom the Strait is called, has been questioned, without writers or governments having ever taken the small trouble to endeavor to verify the plain record in the country where direct reference was made by the first chronicler of his meritorious services to Spain and to Mankind".**

Taylor affirms that chronicler (Lok) was a highly respectable Consul, and evidently a capable, intelligent and educated man. Taylor also took the trouble to carry on a long correspondence with the United States Consul at Zante, Greece, A. S. York, and collected the genealogical material about Juan De Fuca used supra. After reciting the achievement of Juan De Fuca and the treatment he had received in the Spanish service, Taylor concludes that De Fuca "was not more fortunate than Columbus and so many other celebrated men in the Spanish Court".

## 7. Conclusion.

After carefully and fully presenting the views of so many distinguished historians verifying the discovery of the famous Strait by Juan De Fuca, it is not necessary to reply to a few other writers who deny either the existence of De Fuca himself or his discovery. His identity has been, we believe, amply established and his native place traced by correspondence of famous writers and personal visits of officials. Lok was corresponding with Fuca and their letters are preserved in historical works, Fuca is called therein Lok's "dearest friend". It is incredible that Lok would correspond with a person of whose identity he was not absolutely certain. Lok even took a trip to Zante from Venice to meet his friend and bring him to England at his own expense. Nor can Fuca's long service in the Spanish Navy can be disputed. Lok and Dowglass became convinced before talking about an expedition in the name of the Queen of England for the perfect discovery and exploration of the Northwest passage.

The name and the fame of Juan De Fuca as a seafarer has been preserved for many generations in the native place, Mavrata, in the island of Cefalonia. A S. York, the United States Consul at Zante, at the request of Alex S. Taylor, visited Juan De Fuca's birthplace in 1854 three times and examined genealogical records of the family. He traced Fuca's



ancestors as far back as 1182, when one of them was a member of the council of Alexis Comnenos, the Byzantine Emperor.

There is no doubt at all that Juan De Fuca, about the middle of the 16th century, when a young mariner of twenty years of age, sought employment on one of the Spanish vessels which were touching the Ionian Islands and that he arrived in the New World. The King and Queen of Spain in Columbus' time were the "Duke and Duchess of Athens and New Patra". Many Greek pilots were, like Juan De Fuca, in the Spanish service in the West Indies and along the coast of Chili. Sir Francis Drake mentions one in his famous travels in South America. Cavendish mentions another one. Col. Hender Molesworth reports that practically all the pilots on the Spanish galleys and *pariagos* were Greeks. There is also no doubt that Juan De Fuca was a pilot on the galleon **Santa Anna** which was captured by Cavendish in 1587 off the Point California; for Cavendish himself boasted on his return to England about the capture and plunder of that ship.

Bancroft wonders how could Juan De Fuca's discovery be concealed so completely. If the Spanish Government had reasons to conceal it and destroyed all the papers in the matter, he argues that all the men who had traveled with Juan De Fuca could not keep their mouths shut. This is exactly what seems to have happened: they did not keep their mouths shut and, as some writers have intimated, the Spanish Government did conceal or destroy records of such nature. The Spanish Court, after treating Juan De Fuca in the same manner as it treated many other famous men since Columbus' time, for various reasons or through the usual intrigues—perhaps not to expose the wicked Spanish Captain—destroyed all records. As a matter of fact, William Robertson, an Englishman who wrote a history of America, writes in the introduction that, even in his time, Spanish archives were kept secret. But the discovery was communicated by word of mouth and all the people started to speak of the former "mythical Anian" as the Strait of Juan De Fuca. It is not altogether logical to believe that it was only through the celebrated book of Purchas containing Lok's note that De Fuca's discovery became known. Purchas's book was very bulky and expensive and naturally could not have had a very large circulation.

On the other hand, it would have been the natural thing and the duty of the Spanish Government to issue a flat denial when Juan De Fuca's story appeared in such a famous publication in London, that such a man had ever been in the Spanish service or had ever been sent by the Viceroy for a discovery, or that he had ever reported such discovery and had been treated ungratefully as charged. Not only the Spanish Government did not make any official denial of Fuca's service and of his other allegations with respect to his discovery of the Strait, but not even other Spanish writers and explorers of the time denied the fact. If what was published in a celebrated book was all false, some Spanish writers would have certainly challenged it, which would have ended the whole controversy. On the contrary, Spanish writers mention that the Viceroy of Mexico sent in 1602 Vizcaino to the

Northwest coast "to verify the discovery of the Strait Juan De Fuca."

It is obvious that Bancroft expected too much from an old and uneducated Greek pilot of the 16th century when he says that, as a professional pilot, Fuca ought to have filed a more accurate report of his discovery. Many other writers rightly reply that Juan De Fuca's report was as correct as those of any others under the circumstances. Furthermore, is it not a fact that Columbus himself made miscalculations in his discoveries? The Greek pilot admits that during the first voyage he could not make a perfect discovery in view of the fact that his two vessels were not armed and there was danger because of the savage natives. If Juan De Fuca was not the discoverer, why did not subsequent English and Spanish explorers name the Strait by some other name as it was wont? And why the scholars and scientists, meeting under the auspices of the Imperial Academy at St. Petersburg, admitted upon proper examination of the evidence that De Fuca was the original discoverer of the Strait?

The burden of proof shifted upon those who deny the Greek pilot's discovery to overcome the strong presumption in his favor. These people should not require that De Fuca's discovery be proved to the letter after so many centuries. Papers and documents of all kinds may be destroyed or concealed with the passage of time; but claims and rights long established cannot be destroyed as easily.

Juan De Fuca's name has lived for many generations in his native land as being connected with some great event in the New World. He is not a mythical person anymore than Columbus is. De Fuca was not trying to perpetuate a fraud. He appeared before a well-known English gentleman, universally admitted to be intelligent, respectable and scholarly, a traveler and merchant, Michael Loke, in Venice in 1596, and in the presence of Dowgass, a famed mariner. He told them in a quite natural way his story about his expedition to the trait bearing his name, as he had told it before to the Viceroy of Mexico and the King of Spain. What had Lok to gain out of it? What was he asking? One Hundred Pounds, to bring Fuca to England! If they were not sincere, they would not dare go to London. They would be taking very serious chances of being caught as impostors. Even if Fuca had deceived the British Government and was given a ship which he was asking, he would have been caught afterwards, assuming that he did not know where the Strait was located. He was thus risking his neck and so was Lok risking his. The hypothesis of fraud is therefore extremely untenable.

(To be continued)

#### FOOTNOTES

- \* Since deceased
7. HENRY R. WAGNER: *Spanish Explorations in the Strait of Juan De Fuca*, p. 7.
8. CAPTAIN JOHN MEARES: *John de Fuca Strait*, p. 155.
9. Translated by the Argonaut Press London 1930.
10. ALEXANDER DE HUMBOLDT: *Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain* (1811) Vol. II, p. 359.
11. E. D. FITE and A. FREEMAN: *A Book of Old Maps Delineating American History*, etc. (Cambridge University Press. 1926) p. 201.
12. JOHN B. THACHER: *Christopher Columbus, His Life and Works*, etc. Vol. II, p. 449.



## Modern Greek Legends

# THE EARS OF MEGALEXANDROS

By THEODORE GIANAKOULIS

Alexander the Great was not only the bravest and most powerful man in the world but the handsomest as well. Tall as a cypress was he, and his face radiated majesty and glory. But with all his blessings and virtues he had one defect, known only to the mother who bore him.

This was the defect: one of his ears was like that of a dog and the other that of a donkey.



THEODORE GIANAKOULIS

The people could never see his ears because he always wore an iron helmet that was polished like silver which covered them, but the one man who could not help knowing the secret was his barber. Thus, many barbers in the kingdom lost their lives, for whenever Alexander invited one to cut his hair, he afterward found some excuse to put the man out of the way.

Once the barber who came to cut Alexander's hair was a beautiful youth, so remarkably beautiful that one might think him a *neraidopaido*, *neried-born*. The great King, beholding such beauty, was moved, and his heart seemed unable to consent to have the young man killed. The fear of spreading the truth about his ears tortured him, yet the youthfulness and manly charm of the barber stirred his sympathy. As he pondered undecided, he suddenly asked:

"Tell me, have you ever seen another man in the world with ears like mine?"

"I do not understand your question," replied the barber. "Are your ears different from those of other men?"

"Don't you see? Are they not the most horrible ears that ever a mortal was cursed with?"

"What is wrong with your ears, my blessed King, that you don't like them?" the young barber inquired.

"But," cried Alexander, "one is like that of a dog and the other like that of a donkey!"

"It seems to me, my King, that you are being deceived by your mirror."

"Alexander did not know what to say to this, and for some moments he was absorbed in thought.

"Tell me the truth," he insisted, "My ears are really as I described them to you."

"You do not wish me to lie, my King. Then what can I do but repeat what I have already said?" the barber cunningly assured him.

Alexander asked the same question again and yet again and, unable to get a contrary answer, concluded that perhaps the young man's eyes were defective, though he seemed very skillful at his hair-cutting. The King finally decided to let him go unharmed.

Once outside the palace, the barber gave silent thanks to God for saving him from Charon's clutches, for he had heard the running rumors that every man who cut the King's hair was put to death to keep him from revealing something—no one knew what—that he had seen. The barber had no desire to run the risk again, nor did he care to be questioned by citizens as to how he had cut the King's hair and still managed to live. So he secretly left and went to far-away lands.

The young barber wished earnestly to keep Alexander's secret in his own heart, but something seemed to be gnawing at his tongue to make him tell what he had seen. One day, one week, one month, finally a whole year had gone by without the barber's saying anything to anyone about Alexander's ears, but every minute of that time he had been at war with himself and his tongue. The secret grew in his mind and swelled in his breast as if it were actually a living thing. He thought that if he were away where he would see and talk to no one he would no longer be tempted and his suffering would be eased. So he left again and set out to find the desert.

On the way, as he was walking through a forest, he came upon a well forty fathoms deep. He stood and looked in it and now was ready to go on, but he could not. Something held him there; a moment of tremendous temptation was upon him. He dropped to his knees on the edge of the well and, placing his head in the opening, he bellowed out with all his strength:

"One of Alexander's ears is like a dog's and the other is like a donkey's!"

He was shaking as he turned from the well, and his throat ached. Wiping his forehead, he stretched out on the velvet grass to rest.

Now he felt better and with a lighter heart was starting on his way when he heard a groaning sound coming from the well. It grew louder and more distinct, and he recognized it as the echo of his own words, "One of Alexander's ears is like a dog's and the other is like a donkey's!" Clapping his hands to his own ears, the barber fled in terror. Where did he go? No one knows!

In no time a reed grew up straight and slender by the well. It bend gracefully in the breeze and whispered in a human voice. A shepherd boy saw it and heard its murmur one day and desired it for



its beauty. He took it; cut lovely figures upon it; polished it, and fashioned a reed. Then he stood on a hill and blew into it to make music, but instead a strange, deep voice came out saying:

"One of Alexander's ears is like a dog's and the other is like a donkey's!"

The shepherd boy was stunned, as were his companions and all who heard the reed speaking with a human voice. From mouth to mouth and ear to ear the secret spread, to shepherds grazing their flocks on the hills; to tillers of the fields; to fishermen along the seashore and to sailors on ships bound for distant lands. Now, the whole world knew. But Alexander didn't.

One day while the King sat unsuspecting and untroubled watching the chariot races and the celebrations for a festival, a man who pretended to be his friend approached and, bending to whisper something to him knocked Alexander's helmet from his head! The King jumped to his feet, and quickly cupped his hands and tried to cover his ears, but it was too late! All present beheld his ears and for a breathless moment stood amazed. Then uncontrollable laughter ripped over the throng. Some asked, "Did you see Alexander's ears?" Others laughed, "Ha, ha, ha!" Alexander waxed and waned. Dumbfounded he hurried out of sight and secluded himself in the palace.

After that he refused to go where he might be seen, and from shame and grief he withered like a flower. The palace doctors and all the doctors of the land hastened to aid him, but their efforts ended only in helplessness and despair.

Now the King thought and thought. Then he began imagining one thing and another. One day he imagined having two dog's ears and two donkey's! Then again he thought he had four, or even eight of each, until they were so many that he would run to the mirror, look into it and ask: "How many ears have I?" But no one, friend or foe, not even his own mother could convince or help him, since he was unable to convince himself. "You're master of nothing if you're not master of yourself," was the advice of an old and wise councillor, but the King was listless.

In the midst of rumor and confusion, there suddenly appeared in the King's presence an old Magissa, a sorceress who spoke to him thus:

"As long as you were able to hide your ears, you lived and conquered, and great was the power of your mind, but now that the secret is out, and the people have seen your ears, there is no cure for you in the whole world, except the magic Water of Life, which can be found only in the deathless river of time. If you reach this river and drink of this water, your ears will become human ears and you will live and endure as the high mountains."

"And where is the river of time with the deathless water?" asked Alexander. "To the sun, take the road to the sun," the sorceress whispered, "and where the earth ends and there is no more land to walk on, you will find the deathless river rolling on and on to nowhere. One thing more: when you find the river and you hear the water murmuring almost in a human voice, do not drink

of it yet, but silently fill a cask and have each of the men with you fill a cask. Then turn and retrace your steps and, when you have come forty days without stopping at all, on the forty-first day sit in the sun and drink of the magic water and you shall never perish or those that drink with you, but shall endure as the high mountains."

When Alexander had heard the sorceress, his spirits rose. He called together his brave and trusted legions and set out on the road to the sun. On and on he went and went and went, his legions following one solid line. Walking day and night for three years, they fought men, monsters, and elements, but they were brave and fearless and the deathless river of life was their destination.

Finally at sundown of a bright summer day as they were nearing the end of the world, they came to a place between two giant mountains so narrow that they had to march in a single file to pass through. Alexander led the legions, but as he advanced into the chasm, he suddenly stopped, and as he stopped every single legionary was thrown out of step! A great murmur swept over the marching throng. "What is it?" his men asked in one great voice. "Nothing!" was Alexander's answer. But there was something for he had drawn his razor-edged sword and was striking furiously left and right. What was he striking at? A dragon which no one else had seen. But Alexander did. Though it was no obstacle at all, with one stroke he had cut it in two! But instantly two dragons crawled at his feet. Again he cut the two in four, but now four dragons crawled before him. The King struck struck left and right furiously cutting the four into eight and the eight into sixteen. As he cut them the dragons multiplied until the whole mountain was covered!

His men sensed Alexander's trouble and cried out in one great voice: "Stop!" But the King continued struggling with the dragons. Then an old trusted friend came forward and spoke: "Stop!" bother not unless you're being bothered." The King did not stop and the legions went forward.

At dawn Alexander and his men reached the end of the world. There the deathless river ran crystal clear before their very eyes and the Water of Life murmured almost in a human voice.

The King and his heroes filled their casks without speaking and gladly turned to retrace their steps. In no time they reached the pass between the two giant mountains, but not a dragon was seen in the whole mountain! Where did they go? No one asked and no one cared. Nearly forty days had passed when between them and the sun, suddenly the men saw hords of huge bats swirling over their heads. An ell long and sharp were their noses; an ell long and keen as needle were their claws, so keen that they could pierce iron. One by one Alexander's heroes were attacked and blinded by the weird creatures and, though they struggled to protect the casks, the bats pierced every one and let the precious Water of Life spill out upon the ground. And on this spot grew the never-fading purplish coloured Amaranthos. But Alexander and his legions perished, and his kingdoms were forever scattered and lost—ashes in the wind.



## ATHENIAN PRESS LAUDS "ATHENE"

On the occasion of the 15th anniversary celebration of the founding of "Athene Magazine" which will be observed this fall, the press in Athens has been unanimous in its praise of our efforts to strengthen the intellectual ties between this country and Greece. The excerpt below is from the influential Athenian daily *Ethnos* May 27, 1954) which also names the honorary committee formed there, and which includes such leading figures as the Prime Minister of Greece, the presidents of the Greek universities and art schools, the mayor of Athens, etc.

— Μεταδίδεται από το Σικάγον, ότι το έλληνοαμερικανικόν περιοδικόν «Athene», το οποίον εκδίδει εκεί ο κ. Ρ. Μιχάλαρος, πρόκειται να έορτάση το φθινόπωρο τὰ 15 χρόνια από τῆς εκδόσεώς του με μιὰ πανηγυρική έκδοσι.

— Ως γνωστόν, το περιοδικόν αυτό εἶνε τὸ μόνο περιοδικὸ ἑλληνικῆς σκέψεως στὴν Ἀμερικὴ καὶ ἐπὶ δέκα πέντε χρόνια ποὺ εκδίδεται, προσπαθεῖ νὰ παρουσιάσῃ στὸν Ἑλληνοαμερικανὸ καὶ Ἀμερικανὸ ἀναγνώστη τὴ σύγχρονῃ ἑλληνικὴ λογοτεχνία καὶ Τέχνη ποὺ ἦσαν ἄγνωστοι στὴ χώρα αὐτή. Συγκεκριμένως, μετέφρασε καὶ δημοσίευσε τὰ ποιήματα τῶν μεγαλυτέρων μας ποιητῶν, καὶ εἰς τὸν τομέα τοῦ Πεζοῦ Λόγου καὶ τοῦ Θεάτρου, παρουσίασε στὸν ἀγγλόφωνο ἀναγνώστη τοὺς πλείστους τῶν ἀξιολόγων Ἑλλήνων συγγραφέων. Παρουσίασε ἐπίσης τὰς ἐργασίας διαπρεπῶν ἀρχαίων λόγων, ὡς καὶ τὰ ἔργα ἐκλεκτῶν σύγχρονων γλυπτῶν καὶ ζωγράφων.

— Ἡδὴ, στὴν Ἀμερικὴ σχηματίσθηκε μεγάλη ἐπιτροπὴ ἐξ ἐκλεκτῶν ἀντιπροσώπων τοῦ πνεύματος καὶ τῆς Τέχνης, ἡ ὁποία θὰ ἐπιμεληθῇ τὴν πανηγυρικὴν έκδοσιν τοῦ ἐορτάσμου τῆς 15ετίας. Ἐπίσης, εἰς τὰς Ἀθῆνας σχηματίσθηκε τιμητικὴ ἐπιτροπὴ με ἐπὶ κεφαλῆς τὸν πρόεδρον τῆς Κυβερνήσεως στρατάρχην Παπάγον. Μετέχουν ἐπίσης οἱ ὑπουργοὶ κ.κ.: Π. Κανελλόπουλος, Σ. Στεφανόπουλος, Γ. Ι. Ράλλης, Ἀχ. Γεροκωστόπουλος, Χρ. Σολομωνίδης. Ὁμοίως, ἐκ μέρους τῆς Ἀκαδημίας Ἀθηνῶν ὁ πρόεδρος τῆς τάξεως Γραμμάτων κ. Δ. Κόκκινος, ὁ πρύτανις τοῦ Πανεπιστημίου Ἀθηνῶν κ. Ἀπ. Δασκαλάκης, ὁ πρύτανις τοῦ Ἑθνικοῦ Μετσοβίου Πολυτεχνείου κ. Ἀπ. Κουτσοκώστας, ὁ γεν. γραμματεὺς τοῦ ὑπουργείου Παιδείας κ. Κωνστ. Γεωργούλης, ὁ Δήμαρχος Ἀθηναίων κ. Κωνστ. Νικολόπουλος, ὁ γεν. διευθυντὴς ὑπουργείου Ἐξωτερικῶν κ. Ἀλέξης Κύρου, ὁ γεν. διευθυντὴς Προεδρίας Κυβερνήσεως κ. Ἰωάννης Μπέττος, ὁ πρόεδρος τοῦ Ε. Ο.Τ. κ. Ρίκος Ἀγαθοκλῆς καὶ, τέλος, ὁ διευθυντὴς τῆς Σχολῆς Καλῶν Τεχνῶν κ. Μιχ. Τόμπρος.

Τὰν 1ου Ἰανουαρίου θὰ κυκλοφορή-

SAM NAKIS ELECTED LT. GOVERNOR,  
13th DISTRICT OF AHEPA

Chicago. — The election on July 20th of Sam Nakis of St. Louis, Mo., to the post of Lt. Governor at the 13th District Ahepa Convention was widely approved here by the delegates and the rank and file since it is known that Mr. Nakis is an able executive and a progressive business man.

Mr. Nakis was born in Lowell, Mass., but is now a resident of St. Louis. In 1935 he was elected District Governor of the Sons of Pericles in Portland, Maine, and joined the Ahepa right after his discharge from the Navy in 1946. He served St. Louis Chapter No. 53 in various elective and appointed offices including that of Athletic Director.

The new Lt. Governor of the Blue Ribbon District is an active business man as well. He is partner of Kex Products Co., of St. Louis, Mo., manufacturing Kex tire plugs, with an international distribution. He serves this company of which he is half owner in the capacity of sales manager, travelling 48 States. Likewise he is partner of the Sam Nakis & Associates Company, manufacturing sales agency, representing auto parts manufacturers in midwest.

Mr. Nakis is also Executive Vice-President of Automotive Jobbers Co-Op Warehouse, Memphis, Tenn. And he promoted and organized the first Co-Operative Auto Warehouse in the automotive parts industry. He is married and has two children.

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**A Treat for the Bibliophile**



## GREAT LAKES BOUND TO EUROPE BY METRON LINE

Athene Magazine is happy to bring to the attention of its readers a most unique enterprise. Few have probably heard of the METRON SHIPPING CORPORATION, with headquarters in Chicago, but as we have pleasantly discovered it is a very remarkable company, destined to play an important role in the maritime development of the Great Lakes, especially in the field of foreign trade.

Now all this is due to the foresight of three enterprising business men, John G. Xanthos, Andrew A. Athens, and Thomas A. Athens. Andrew and Thomas Athens are native Chicagoans of Hellenic ancestry, and Mr. Xanthos is a native of Athens, Greece.

It all sounds so fascinating, yet it is all true. But here are the facts.

The METRON LINE is operated by the Metron Shipping Corporation, 209 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois, and is the only American operated liner service from Europe directly into the Great Lakes. The principal ports of call in Europe are Antwerp, Rotterdam and Hull, England, and in the Great Lakes, Toronto, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Milwaukee and Chicago. A schedule of three monthly sailings is maintained over the season, operating with a fleet of seven vessels, and this is the third year of operation for this Line which carries all types of general cargo in the international trade field. Offices are maintained in Chicago, New York, London and Brussels.

The origin of this line began in Europe as far back as 1945. Andrew Athens, a Captain in the U. S. Army, was in command of one of the largest U. S. Army Ordnance Vehicle Depots in Europe. At the end of the War, much of the U. S. Army material was declared surplus, and many deliveries were effected to various friendly nations. The Greek Government had been allocated a large number of ordnance equipment to be delivered to the Greek Army combat units fighting the Communistic forces in Greece. Mr. J. G. Xanthos was at that time representative of the Greek Government in charge of reception of material, and Mr. Xanthos and Captain Athens met when Mr. Xanthos came to the Depot to express appreciation of the Greek Authorities for the tremendous assistance which Captain Athens gave in the preparation and supply of the units delivered to the Greek Army.

In late 1946, both Andrew Athens and John Xanthos entered civilian life and established themselves in business in Europe. Mr. Xanthos was primarily engaged in shipping activities and Mr. Athens represented a very large Swiss organization in the purchase of large stocks of Army material. A close friendship and cooperation during this period was begun between Mr. Athens and Mr. Xanthos, and in 1949 an association was formed between the two. Much business was developed in

the sale of heavy equipment and in the transport of bulk cargoes. Offices were established in Brussels, Antwerp, Frankfurt and Bremen, and many activities were developed in the international field. Vessels were operated, transporting many thousands of tons of merchandise to all ports of the world, some of which were Karachi, Pusan, Formosa, Peru, Piraeus, etc.

In 1950 Thomas Athens went to Belgium with the specific intent of joining the association already formed and for the purpose of developing the export of various European steel products to the U. S. This business was developed very effectively and many thousands tons of steel were sold in the mid-western section of the United States. After spending approximately one year in Belgium, Thomas Athens returned to the U. S. and established the first American office in Chicago. The plan and intent at this time was that eventually all of the major activities would be transported to the U. S. and the Chicago Office would become the principal office for all of the activities which were undertaken. All other offices would remain as branch offices under the direct control of the main office in Chicago. After a few years of very hard work and development, it was finally arranged to transfer definitely the principal activities to Chicago in September 1953. Presently J. C. Xanthos, Andrew Athens and Thomas Athens operate from the main office and an effective and efficient organization has been formed in Chicago.

The steamship line operation into the Great Lakes began in 1952 when several tankers were operated by Metron Shipping Corporation. It was realized that the Great Lakes presented a tremendous new field with unlimited commercial possibilities. It is for this reason it was decided to definitely establish a liner operation from Europe to the Great Lakes. The experience and background of the directors warranted the establishment and challenge which had to be met, and the business relationships which were established throughout the United States and Europe were of tremendous value in aiding the progress which has been made to date.

Another important factor contributing to the success of the Line is the fact that the Athens brothers are originally from Chicago and know personally many important shippers in the Midwest. Also of great advantage is the excellent reputation which has been established throughout the Chicago area and with the Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Company of Chicago.



## SS. Atlantic to Inaugurate New Passenger Service to Greece

The Greek parliament ratified the agreement between the Home Lines and the Greek government for a new passenger service between the United States and Greece, according to recent advices from Athens.

The SS Atlantic, a favorite among world travellers, one of the fastest luxury liners in the Transatlantic field will inaugurate this service in December of this year. In fact the maiden voyage from New York to Piræus of this floating palace, will take place December 9th, arriving in Piræus December 20th, just 11 days sailing. On December 22nd, the Atlantic will be transferred to Greek registry, with King Paul and Queen Fredericka attending the ceremonies, along with other dignitaries.

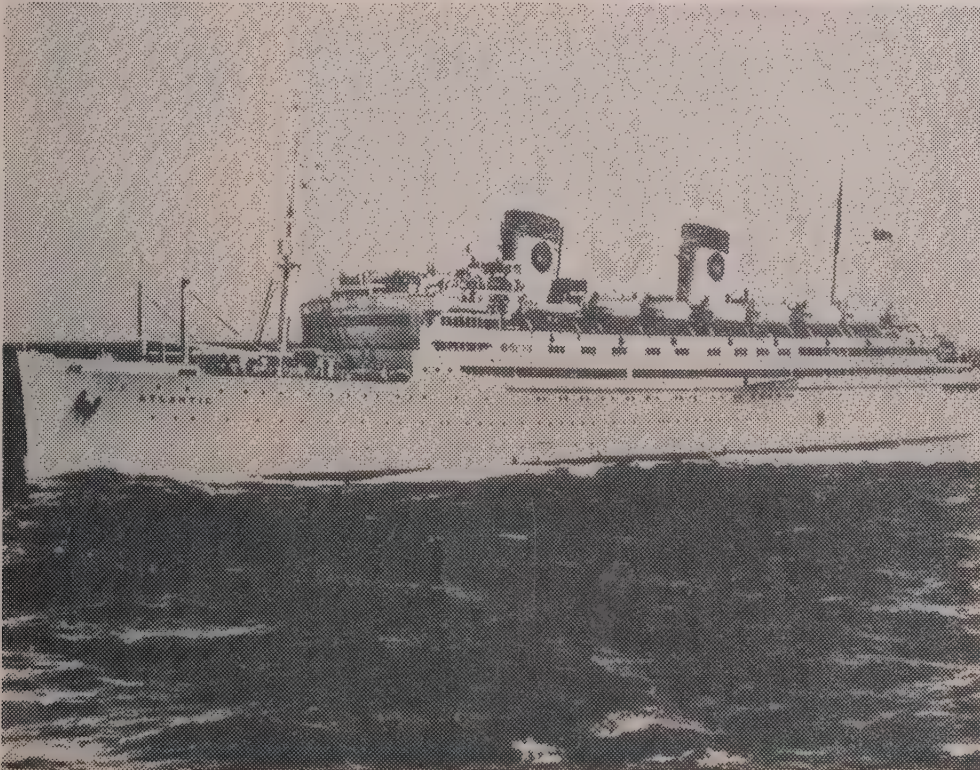
The Atlantic offers modern comforts and conveniences in First Class, Cabin Class and Tourist Class. It features spacious and tastefully decorated staterooms, designed for modern living at sea. The air-conditioned dining salons will appeal to travelers destined for Greece.

Nick Vernikos, 34 years old, a scion of an old shipowners family, now living at Vesey, Switzerland, has been named to succeed his late uncle, Eugene Eugenides, as president of Home Lines. He contemplates no changes in the policies already adopted by his late uncle.

Mr. Vernikos will continue along the same progressive lines which have made Home Lines such an important factor in the shipping world.



N. VERNIKOS, NEW PRESIDENT OF HOME LINES



The SS Atlantic is a 22,000 Gross Ton White-Hulled and Streamlined Luxury Liner





Olympic Photo—N. Y.

The former Greek Ambassador to the Netherlands, Nicholas G. Lely (second from left) is greeted on arrival at New York aboard U. S. Liner United States by (left to right) Greek Consul General Axelos, Mrs. Sofi G. Bates, Public Relations of Home Lines' Greek Department and Captain Marlo Vespa, Home Lines head and Mr. Nico Vernicos, representative in the United States and Canada.



The president of the International Society for the Preservation of the "Angry", Mr. Kosmas For Radio Officers. The first ship then 26 other names have been lost in the Atlantic. Konigle, President Veterans' Prés. International Society for



#### EXECUTIVE OFFICES of PHAROS AGENCY, Inc., IN NEW YORK CITY

This great office is now observing its 30th year in business. The company is owned and directed by the very capable Bakopoulos Bros., hailing from Arcadia. Located at 254 W. 31st Street, N. Y., opposite the Pennsylvania RR Station, they are noted for prompt and excellent service. They are authorities on immigration regulations and do shipping abroad. They have organized many excursions to Greece. Their head office in Athens is located at 56 Odos Stadiou, and they have representatives in 41 major cities and towns in Greece.



Although the Co in the world, and finest wine grapes. Clauss wines are grapes are to be Arcadias whose h





for the aid of Greek Seamen, Inc.,  
a wreath at the monument of  
Jack Phillips of the Titanic. Since  
e of them Papatheodorou, a Greek  
n the picture are: (L to R) William  
Organization; Kosmas Fournarakis,  
Greek Seamen, Inc., and honor guard.



**GREECE**  
to raise the biggest raisins  
haia claims to produce the  
the world famous Achaia  
est variety of tasty eating  
ountain regions of Issari,  
back to the ancient days.



Ahepa Excursion Chief, Mr. Van Nomikos and Mrs. No. mikos on the SS. Olympia on their return trip. Seen in the group are members of the crew including Captain Polemis and other members of the Ahepa excursion.



Mr. Kenneth Peters, director of imports for the nationally known Austin-Nichols & Co., Inc., admires a bottle of the world-known famous Metaxa Specialty with a group of the famous Evzones of the Palace guard, while the latter paraded in New York on Greek-Independence day some years ago. Austin-Nichols & Co., Inc., is a leader for national merchandising in the Wine and Spirits field, not only in greater New York, but all over the country as well and their lines are represented by 256 highly regarded and well financed distributors. They handle more than 300 varieties of domestic and imported wines and spirits, and of course one of their best sellers is Metaxa Specialty Liqueur, which once tasted is never forgotten.





## Report from Athens

By  
MAVRA JOAKIMIDES

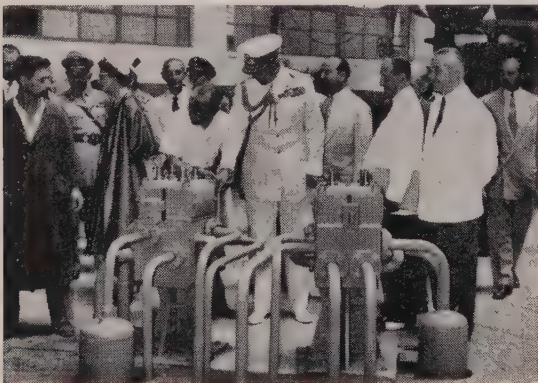
**TITO VISITS GREECE:** When Marshall Tito visited Greece recently, a series of receptions took place in his honor. Here we see the Yugoslav leader attending the official party in his honor, accompanied



by the King and Queen of Greece. Premier and Mrs. A. Papagos are right behind Tito in the picture. Tito's visit strengthened the bonds of friendship between the two countries.

\* \* \*

**THE PANARCADIAN EXCURSION** reached Greece on May 20, and immediately these Greek-Americans became the object of friendly receptions on the part of the Government and the mayors of Athens and Piraeus. John K. Mouzakiotis of Chicago, leader of the excursion, thanked these official greeters on behalf of the excursionists. Many social events fol-



**A GREEK MUNITIONS FACTORY, INSTALLS A ROCKET DEPARTMENT** IN THE PRESENCE OF KING PAUL, AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, CAVENDISH CANNON AND MARECHAL A. PAPAGOS. FACTORY IS SUPPLYING ROCKETS TO AMERICAN FORCES IN EUROPE.

lowed including a TeDeum at the Athens Cathedral and the laying of a wreath at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

\* \* \*

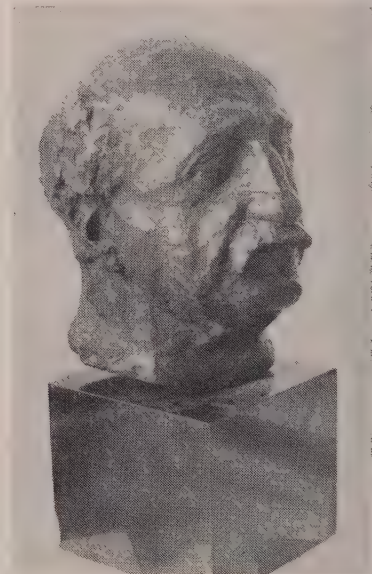
**A GROUP OF CLOSE TO 100 AHEPANS**, members of the annual excursion of the Order of Ahepa took a trip to Constantinople under the leadership of Van Nomikos, leader of the excursion. They



paid their respects to the Patriarch Athenagoras I, who received them cordially at an official reception on the Patriarchate grounds. The group visited ancient palaces and museums and on the way back they stopped at Rhodes, and some of the charming Cyclades islands including Tinos where the famous church of the Panagia is located.

\* \* \*

**JOHN PSICHARIS:** The hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Psicharis was observed in Athens and his native Island of Chios. Psicharis being the



**BUST OF JOHN PSIHARIS, BY THE GREEK SCULPTOR, APARTIS**

leader of the language reformation in Greece, published a book in 1888 which started the populists on their long struggle to substitute both in schools and in official quarters the people's language instead of the pedantic archaic idiom the purists wanted to revive.

\* \* \*

On the occasion of the meeting of the Olympic Games committee at Athens last May, King Paul of Greece opened the proceedings of the 49th



Congress of the Committee at the Herodes Atticus Theatre, with this admonition: "We are happy being the hosts to this very important spiritual congress which coincides with the spirit of Peace."

\* \* \*



KING PAUL VISITS THE NEW HYDROELECTRIC PLANT AGIA, ONE OF THE BEST IN GREECE.

\* \* \*

An artistic event of considerable importance was the coming to Athens of the well known opera stars Anna Tassopoulos and her talented husband Thanos Bourlos. Their fifteen years career in Germany on the operatic stage has brought many triumphs. Anna Tassopoulos gave a brilliant account of herself when she appeared as a soloist with the government subsidized symphony orchestra and likewise as guest of the Athens Opera Company where she played "Madame Butterfly" and "Bohème". Both appearances were in the highest artistic tradition.

\* \* \*

Likewise a group of Moscow dancers and musicians visited Athens during the first part of May where they gave a series of performances at the "Kentrikon" and "Olympia" theatres. The group was praised by the critics and by the public, with all receipts going to the Earthquake Victims Fund.



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## 1954 Ahepa Excursion to Greece



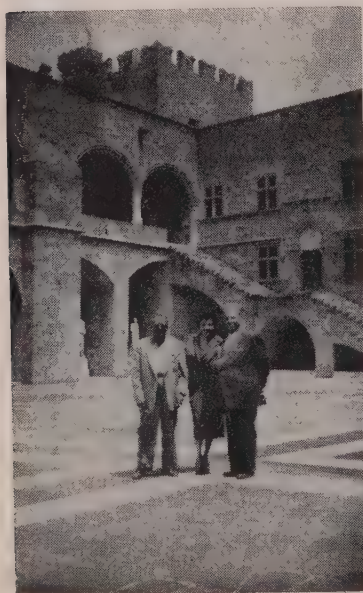
**OECUMENICAL PATRIARCH GREETS EXCURSIONISTS:** (L to R) A. Mountanos, veteran newspaper man; His Holiness the Patriarch; Mr. Van Nomikos; Mrs. Van Nomikos, and the Patriarch's secretary. (Above) American Ambassador attends Ahepa Banquet in Athens. (L to R) Mrs. Penelope Van Nomikos; Ambassador Cavendish Cannon; Van Nomikos. Speaking into the mike is Sam Nakos of Birmingham, Ala.

The excursionists reached Piraeus on the T.S.S. NEA HELLAS on April 15th. They were welcomed by representatives of the Greek government, the mayors of Athens and Piraeus and Mr. G. Papaeleas, president of the Athens reception committee. That same evening a reception took place at the Greek-American Association. On Friday evening the excursionists were honored by the mayor of Athens, Mr. Nicolopoulos, at the Athens municipality. And on Saturday an excursion sponsored by the National and Athens Bank took them to Marathon Dam. On Sunday evening the official dinner tendered by the Ahepa in honor of the Greek government and other dignitaries took place following various ceremonies during the day, and on Monday, more receptions after a visit to the Acropolis. The national Tourist Organization took an active part in arranging the

program and many of the receptions. A group of about 100 excursionists chartered a boat for a seven day cruise visiting His Holiness the Patriarch at Constantinople and some of the Aegean islands, including Rhodes, Tenos, Myconos, etc.

On these two pages we sought to bring a pictorial story of this memorable excursion. The three photos on the opposite page, on the right, tell of the ceremonies on the boat. Starting from the top we see the leader of the excursion, Mr. Van Nomikos, in the act of replying to the welcoming addresses of the two mayors, of Athens and of Piraeus. The members of the executive committee of the excursion are there, George Papaeleas, president of the reception committee; Mr. Zazanis, member of the Greek parliament; several dignitaries; they

(Continued on Page 31)



**GLIMPSES FROM THE AHEPA EXCURSION:** (L to R) First photo: Mr. and Mrs. Van Nomikos and S. Nakos in Rhodes. (Center) On the Acropolis: A group of Ahepans including Miss Mustis, daughter of John Mustis, trustee of St. Constantine's church in Chicago. Miss Adeline Geokaris, grand president of the Daughters of Penelope; Mr. and Mrs. Papaelias of Athens; Mr. and Mrs. Van Nomikos; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Spanos of Cleveland Ohio, member of the executive committee of the excursion, etc. (Right photo): On board of T.S.S. Olympia on the way back: Mrs. Nomikos; Captain Polemis and Mrs. Leo Lamberson.











## New York

By  
JOHN BELASCO



**"WELCOME TO AMERICA"** to His Excellency Nicholas G. Lely, a diplomat, poet, a gentleman and former Consul General in New York, who has been appointed chief of the Greek Press and information bureau in the United States.

\* \* \*

**A TRIP TO GLORIOUS GREECE.** The following is a letter to me from Lou Trakis, a friend and artist, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Trakis of New York: Dear Jack:

I have been in Greece now for about a year and have been away from the United States close to two years and will be back next month. Knowing that you would definitely be interested in what I have been doing I thought that I would drop you a line. I feel that I would like to tell you of some of my experiences in fabulous Greece.

After driving a motorcycle from London to Athens touring most of France, Switzerland and Italy a great interesting job began. Before leaving New York I had signed a contract with a film concern which makes educational films, to document on color film all the art of Greece in the museums and at archeological spots of antiquity and also the recording on film the lives of 10 year old children living in small communities in Greece, Egypt and Turkey.

Deciding that the best town to find and photograph a Greek child would be my father's, I went to Kourni in Crete, driving all the way from Iraklion on my motorcycle. Someone had tipped off my relatives that I was coming and to my utter surprise the whole town waited for me as I drove up the rocky, steep road leading into the village. This was a sight I will never forget. Over a thousand people waited for me and out of all these about half were my relatives. They were all lined up and I went down the line kissing all of them, in exchange. I spent about a month in the village and photographed a ten year old boy in all aspects of daily living. He was photographed at play, work, in school, church, eating, tending his flock, making wine, picking olives and helping his mother and father in all phases of village life.

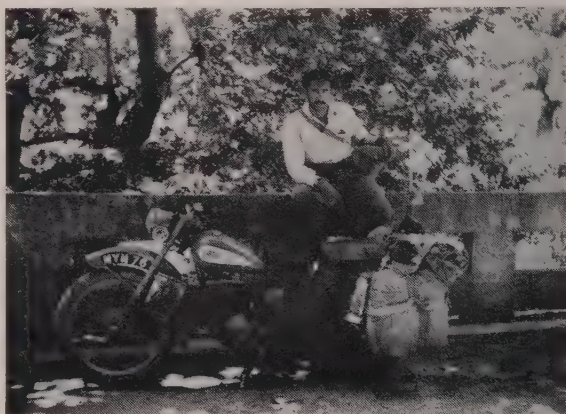
I never felt out of place here in this Cretan village. It was all so beautiful, the way of life, the customs, the wonderful people. This was a place which, I felt I could really live in and the strange thing was that I felt that this was more my

home than the big city in America where I was born in and lived most of my life.

I never expected to be impressed and to be so absorbed into Greece and her way of life. Greece impressed me so much that it was difficult to see why my parents left such a beautiful place. Surely back home in America we have more of the conveniences of living than the Greeks, but we pay a high price for these things. We do become slaves to our material things.

The Greeks live rhythmic, potent life full of the basic, beautiful things that give living true, sincere meaning. There are little superficialities here. The people are strong and proud. Their hospitality cannot be matched anywhere. All foreigners in Greece will testify to this fact.

My work in Greece concerning photographic documentation of art took me to most all of the islands and to such great spots of antiquity as Corinth, Mycenae, Epidaurus, Delphi, Olympia, Mystra, Aegina, Phaestos, Cnossos, and the Acropolis. Although they are in ruins, they are very dominating. Rumors are that most of these historic places will be rebuilt. Tourists from all over the world seem to



LOU TRAKIS IN CRETE

enjoy visiting these Grecian creations, much of which we read in schools. The Greek landscape is one of purity and on treading upon the sacred places where the awe-inspiring ruins of temples remain, I realized deeply the nobility of man living in a world of ideas. This land to me was truly poetic, pure and esthetically refined. All the ancient Greek names touched me. I felt proud. When I went to Egypt later, I found that my impressions were in a compensatory relationship to Greece. There I felt the iron hand of the Pharaohs, and the smallness of man living under extreme domination among monumental, overpowering temples which seemed to control him and not he them.

Greece, the land of fame, will never leave my heart. Where can you find such a blue sky and the sea where you could look into for fathoms upon fathoms right down to the very bottom? Where else can you sit and contemplate about the vast scheme of things over a cup of coffee for a few hours or eat fresh fish or olives, feta and retsina



for lunch and then take a daily nap for three hours? Where else can you live a more unaffected life?

Greece has turned me inside out. She has a mysterious power that crawls into your veins and into every vortex of your heart. If you have Greek blood to begin with watch out because the air you breathe in Greece will make it stir and bubble and make your whole being shout, "Truly I am a Greek".

Sincerely,

—Lou Trakis

\* \* \*



(Photo Nellys Studio, N. Y.)

**ANDREAS NEZERITIS** (left) PHOTOGRAPHED WITH **MR. ROUSSOS**, ACTING GREEK REPRESENTATIVE AT THE U.N.O. AND HIS CHARMING WIFE, AS THE FAMED ATHENIAN COMPOSER SPOKE OVER THE VOICE OF AMERICA.

#### THE BABYLON (N. Y.) SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

under Christos Vrionides, presented Mr. Nezeritis' Oratorio "Five Psalms of David" written for four soloists, chorus and orchestra. It was the first performance of the work in its entirety. The prelude was also performed in Salt Lake City, Utah, by the Utah Symphony Orchestra, whose conductor, M. Abravanel, commented: "The nobility and dignity inherent in the music commands our respect and admiration". Mr. Nezeritis arrived from Athens to attend these performances.

\* \* \*

**WINE NEWS:** In visiting the Carillon Imports Ltd., executive offices, its president Mr. Alexander Lesnor, a proud importer of world famous spirits, including Mavrodaphne, Retsina and other varieties of The Achaia Clauss winery in Greece, informed me that the present 23 oz. size bottle of the Retsina will be bottled in a 32 oz. bottle and will sell at the same rate.

**OTHER NOTES:** Tourists who come to New York seem to be impressed by the statue of the Titan Atlas and his brother Prometheus at the Rockefeller Center. As a rule they select these two statues as a background to be photographed . . . Mr. Nicholas Bakopoulos head of the outstanding Pharos Traveling Agency has informed me that tourism to Greece is increasing and that the younger generation is taking an active interest in visiting the homeland of their parents . . . Through my column I want to thank Nicholas J. Chris Esq. the popular columnist writing "Manhattan Reporter" in the English section of the Sunday Herald for the fine things he had to say about Athene . . . Believe it or not, a self educated Greek-American naturalist believes he has discovered a secretion which he can transform into natural sponges. Patent pending . . . Soto Andrea, a capable operatic tenor who returned recently from abroad where he studied more opera, was well received on June 28 at the Amoto Opera where he sang "Bohème". If you plan a party and wish to get the best in entertainment I suggest Andrea Soto. He can be reached at 319 W. 82nd Street, N. Y. . . . Miss Alice (Michalaros) Michael of Hartford, who studies classics and opera, although a new comer, is doing all right as a songstress. Is currently appearing at the Summit House . . . Apollo Restaurant, oldest outstanding Greek-American eating place had its face and business lifted by the new management of Harry Demas . . . The S.S. Atlantic, a luxurious liner of Home Lines is getting ready for her maiden voyage under the Greek flag, New York to Piraeus, December 9, 1954 . . . Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rousos, natives of Issari, Arcadia, were overjoyed when news reached them recently that their son Plato, also of Long Island, became father of a third son. Congratulations and NA SAS ZISI! . . . Mrs. John Rinck, nee Anna Marie Shioris of Long Island was hoping for a son, but was blessed with a third daughter, a darling. Well, my dear cousin, perhaps the next time the stork will carry out your wish! Congratulations.

#### 1954 AHEPA EXCURSION TO GREECE

(Continued from Page 29)

are all absorbed in the ceremony. On the right again starting from the top, members of the excursion executive committee are received by Marechal A. Papagos, prime minister of Greece. (L to R) A. Mountanos; G. Papaeleas; Van Nomikos; Marechal Papagos; J. Kossarides; N. Kossifos; M. Alexopoulos and Mr. Sam Nakos. (Center photo, right) A view of the banquet, with P. Kanellopoulos, minister of defense; Ambassador Cannon; Mayor Nicolopoulos and other dignitaries attending Sam Nakos of Birmingham, Ala., treasurer of the excursion committee speaks into the microphone. (Bottom photo, right) Van Nomikos, of Chicago, twice past president of Ahepa, addresses the banquet. Others in the picture: Ambassador Cannon, the wife of the American consul and Mr. Kanellopoulos.



## Great August Sale of Minks by Phil Tsolakis, "Furrier de Paris"



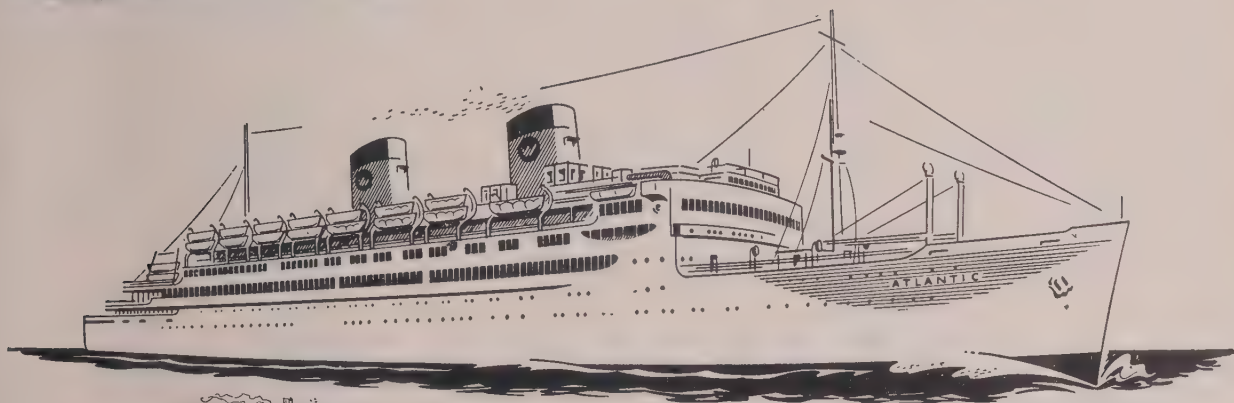
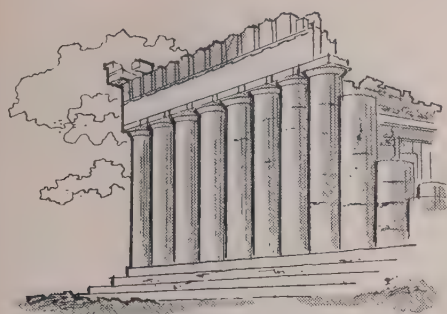
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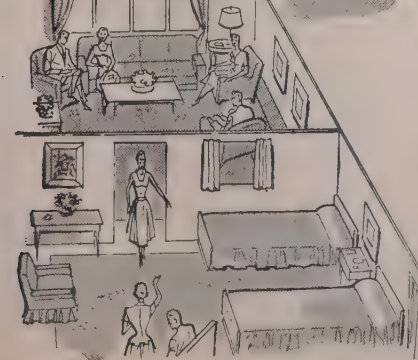
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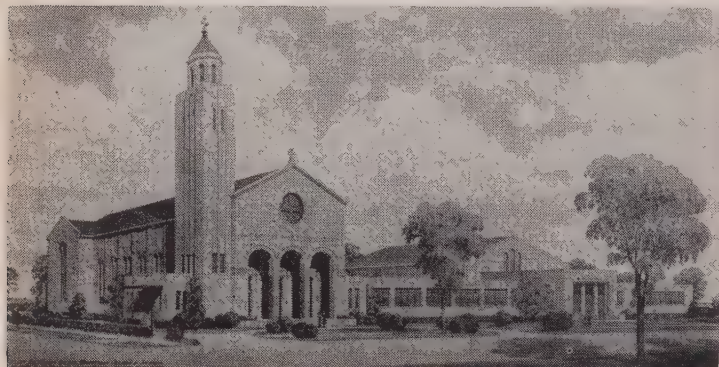


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torium-gymnasium will be larger than a regulation high school gym, and will serve as a gymnasium and basketball court, or a large dining room or a dance hall or for theatricals and will seat close to 1400 people. The East wall facing the Lake will have an opening 75 feet high, all glass.

This very attractive project will cost \$700,000 and we must admit it is a most worthy objective. The community is now in the midst of a drive to raise \$103,000 which sum is still needed to reach the goal of the approximate cost of the project. S. J. Gregory, theatre magnate, is chairman of the building committee, and John Papas, prominent Chicago business man is president of the community. The Rev. John Hondras, a very able cleric from the younger generation, is the pastor.

All donations should be made out to ST. ANDREW'S BUILDING FUND and sent to 5658 N. Winthrop St., Chicago 40, Ill.

## **ATHENE CONTRIBUTOR**



Prince Peter of Greece with his wife, Princess Irene, photographed in the garden of their own home at Kalimpong, West Bengal, India, where the Prince is conducting important archeological research on the influence of Hellenism in the far east. Interesting articles written for *Athene* will appear in subsequent issues.

## Two Poems

By SIFIS G. KOLLIAS

(Two more selections from the books of  
Sifis G. Kollias, translated by D. Michalaros)

### **ECONOSTASIS**

Blinding pain blasts my soul  
Like the unfortunate  
Whom black disaster falls  
On the road of utter destitution  
Even now his eyes turn to Thee,  
That he may lay his soul at Thy feet . .

Suffer him not to fall  
Weak though he leans  
Before Thy dustworn Econostasis.  
Lo! his dry eyes swell to overflowing  
Till all that is of him, becomes, O Lord-  
A prayer, aye, a hope-

### **DE PROFUNDIS**

Illumine your soul, O youth!  
With the fragrance of ideas.  
Let trumpets proclaim  
The endless song of Love!  
Strengthen your soul  
With Virtue's gift divine.  
Build the new Life, —  
Christ-blessed, —  
Toil-leavened,  
Pain-born for Justice!  
Justice for him,  
The ever-burdened toiler.



# BOOKS

By C. J. LAMPOS

## THE ENGLISH WERE RIGHT

Virtually all contemporary historiography is pro this or pro that, and undoubtedly heavily-ladened Greece will never find an impartial historian. For instance, Bickham Sweet-Escott, author of *GREECE: A POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC SURVEY*. 1939-1953, (Royal Institute of International Affairs. New York. 1954. 207 pp. \$4.00) is an Englishman, and he believes that the English, while seeking their own interests in Greece in 1941-1947, acted in the best interests of Greece as well. For had they not acted as they did, Greece would have been dragged behind the Iron Curtain against the wishes of the vast majority of her people.

This is unquestionably true, and we must admit that our loud protests of 1944 were based on unsound information and misguided emotion.

Mr. Sweet-Escott brings us to the end of the first year of the Papagos regime and gives an encouraging picture of both political and economic improvement. He believes that continued American aid and a resumption of large-scale emigration to the United States would make Greece's problems easier to solve, but he affirms that "in the last resort everything depends on the determination with which the Greeks themselves handle the problems with which it is in their power to deal: the reorganization of the civil service, the institution of an equitable and efficient system of direct taxation, the elimination of graft."

Certainly this is a sound conclusion—and indeed, the entire book is pretty sound.

## OLD WINE REBOTTLED

Byzantine studies are advancing so rapidly that interpretations and surveys of only a few years ago are now obsolete. One of the leading Byzantologists of today is David Talbot Rice, who wrote a history of Byzantine art in 1930. In bringing out a new edition of this book for the Pelican series—*BYZANTINE ART* (Penguin Books. Baltimore, Maryland. 1954. 272 pp. 85c)—he had to revise it from beginning to end, and some of the chapters, especially those on mosaics and paintings, were completely rewritten. Many of the new facts and interpretations which necessitated this thorough revision have been introduced into the field of Byzantine studies by Professor Rice himself, who has conducted numerous expeditions of excavation and discovery to Constantinople, Trebizond, Cyprus, Mount Athos; and other parts of the Near East.

Professor Rice considers Byzantine art to be of "fundamental importance to all who are interested in the story of European art and culture." The period covered in his study is that from the foundation of Constantinople and the adoption of Christianity as the state religion in 330 till the conquest of Eastern Europe by the Turks in the middle of the 15th century.

This book not only gives us an authoritative, well-rounded, and readable account of every form of Byzantine art from mosaics to textiles, but it is still the only short volume of its kind in English.

## BELATED JUSTICE

For over 2000 years scholars and amateurs of many nations have studied and loved the Greek thinkers but it is only within the present generation that one of the most in-

fluent of them has finally had a measure of justice done to him. (And yet his name will always be associated with sensual enjoyment!) Here is a solid and convincing book in this belated campaign—*EPICURUS AND HIS PHILOSOPHY* by Norman Wentworth DeWitt (University of Minnesota Press. Minneapolis, Minn. 1954. 388 pp. \$6.00).

The author calls this the first attempt to present a fairly complete account of the life and teachings of Epicurus. He gives his philosopher's vital role as a thinker, an educator, and a moral reformer. Epicurus actually lived and taught plain living and high thinking, and he deliberately founded a philosophical sect which had a missionary zeal and which acquired a worldwide following for seven centuries. It had a longer and more wide-spread life than any of the ancient philosophies. Indeed, by its spirit, its procedures, and certain of its doctrines, Epicureanism served as a preparation for Christianity and its influence is keenly felt today. Thomas Jefferson was an avowed Epicurean and his (and our) "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" is a direct enactment of Epicurus' philosophy.

This book sets the record straight on one of the greatest benefactors of humanity, and thus it makes a vital contribution not only to Greek studies, but to general knowledge as well.

## THE NORTHERN EL GRECO

Every art lover now finally knows something about the Cretan who wandered westward and became one of Spain's and the world's greatest painters, but still unappreciated is the Greek who, two centuries earlier, had gone northward and became one of Russia's most famous painters. He was Theophanes the Greek, and his very origin is still a mystery. It was once believed that he was born on Russian soil and began his work there, probably at Theodosia in the Crimea, where a Greek colony had existed since Homer's time. However, more recent research supports the idea that he was actually a Constantinopolitan, working first in the Byzantine capital and later wandering northward to the new cities of emerging Russia. One admirer believes that Theophanes executed some of the exquisite wall-paintings in the famous little church known as Kahrigh Djami in Constantinople.

On going to Russia—some of his work in Novgorod is dated 1378—Theophanes assimilated all the characteristics of his adopted land, as El Greco was to do later in Spain, and he became the epitome of Russian art. He was the teacher of Andrew Rublev, the most famous of Russia's icon-painters, and in some way his art is superior to that of Rublev.

This story, as well as the earlier and the continuous influence of Byzantine art on the Russians, is related in *RUSSIAN ICONS* by David Talbot Rice (The King Penguin Books. New York. 1947. 40 pp. 75c), an all too brief introduction, with 16 technicolor plates, to this rich field.

## BRINGING THEM CLOSER TO US

One of the most delightful and precious of recent books on ancient literature is *ANCILLA TO CLASSICAL READING* by Moses Hadas (Columbia University Press. New York. 1954. 397 pp. \$4.75). Professor Hadas has written two important histories of Greek and Latin literature, and he says that this book grew out of the notes and curiosity which had remained after



those tasks. "Ancilla" means "hand-maiden", and the book is more informal, intimate, and charming than a "companion".

The author gives us the background to ancient books, how they came to be written, anecdotes on the life and character of the writers, and on the outward manifestations—that is, the alphabet, papyrus tablets pens and ink, handwriting, private and public libraries, losses and survivals, and kindred matters. About the much-maligned Epicurus, whose name is still so unjustly associated with sensual excess he quotes from Diogenes Laertius:

"His piety towards the gods and his affection for his country no words can describe. He carried deference to others to such excess that he did not even enter public life. He spent all his life in Greece, notwithstanding the calamities which had befallen her in that age; when he did once or twice take a trip to Ionia, it was to visit his friends there. Friends indeed came to him from all parts and lived with him in his garden. This is stated by Apollodorus, who also says that he purchased the garden for eighty minae; and to the same effect Diocles in the third book of his Epitome speaks of them as living a very simple and frugal life; at all events they were content with half a pint of thin wine and were, for the rest, thoroughgoing water-drinkers . . . In his correspondence he himself mentions that he was content with plain bread and water. And again: 'Send me a little pot of cheese, that, when I like, I may fare sumptuously.' Such was the man who laid down that pleasure was the end of life."

This book not only gives us hundreds of such informative and delightful capsules but it also brings the ancients nearer and makes them dearer to us. If anyone needs additional proof that the Greek and Latin classics are entertaining as well as educative, here it is.

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**WHO THE GREEKS WERE**

(Continued from Page 5)

husband to ignoble lover. She had "paid the price" and was only a pitiful wreck.

She shows glimpses of untold griefs, that she has broken the laws of the gods, that her feet will never bear her back to her childhood home, that she doubts that Paris will make her his wife, that she has felt only his slave, that she has no friends but only shuddering among strangers, and grief in her soul. Her steps lead down to Hell. She calls herself "a dog, mischievous and abominable" and wishes that when she was born a wave of the many-sounding sea had borne her away. The Apple of Love that Aphrodite had given her had turned out to be that Apple of Sodom which is ashes and dust on the tongue.

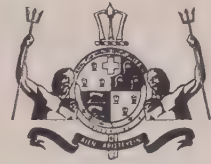
Poor Helen! When Troy fell and Menelaus did not subject her to the law, she was not to be happy in his palace. Perhaps his motive in letting her live was, as has been suggested, that he hoped to win immortality through her, for she was of the immortals, being a sister of Castor and Pollux. Or, as has also been suggested, his keeping her royal dowry was contingent on his keeping her. He had never loved her for herself; his original motive could not have been love, for he had drawn her by lot, then had tried to get out of marrying her because he was afraid that her other suitors would make him trouble if he did. He had finally made her his Queen only when his companion kings agreed to stand by him if trouble should come of it! What a contrast to kingly Odysseus, who stood ready, single-handed, to defend his wife against a horde of suitors!

How wretched Helen was after Menelaus brought her back to his palace in Sparta is revealed in the scene at their hearth. It is the day of their daughter's wedding, and that if any should be a happy day. Helen is trying to make the best of her husband by paying him compliments, which are not deserved, as "a man who lacks for nothing in either mind or person", and she pretends that her heart had turned back to him even before Troy fell, and that she had tried to give aid to the Greeks who had come into the city in the Wooden Horse, so making herself a traitor to Troy for his sake. She refers to herself humbly as "worthless me".

But Menelaus shows that he does not believe her story, and he follows it by an invented incident to show that she had been actively treacherous to the Greeks, instead, that when they were inside of the Wooden Horse and within the walls of Troy, she had passed alongside and imitated the voices of the wives of the men inside, so as to betray them if they answered! In telling this, Menelaus addressed Helen as "Wife", and the manner of his reply is courteous, but that makes it all the more devastating a lie to outmatch her lie, a blow in her face.

A tradition told that Menelaus died by violence when his own sons and his people rose against him because he did not put Helen to death as the law decreed, so subjecting them to the fate of King Priam and Troy. Then Helen was driven from his palace and became a wanderer seeking refuge.

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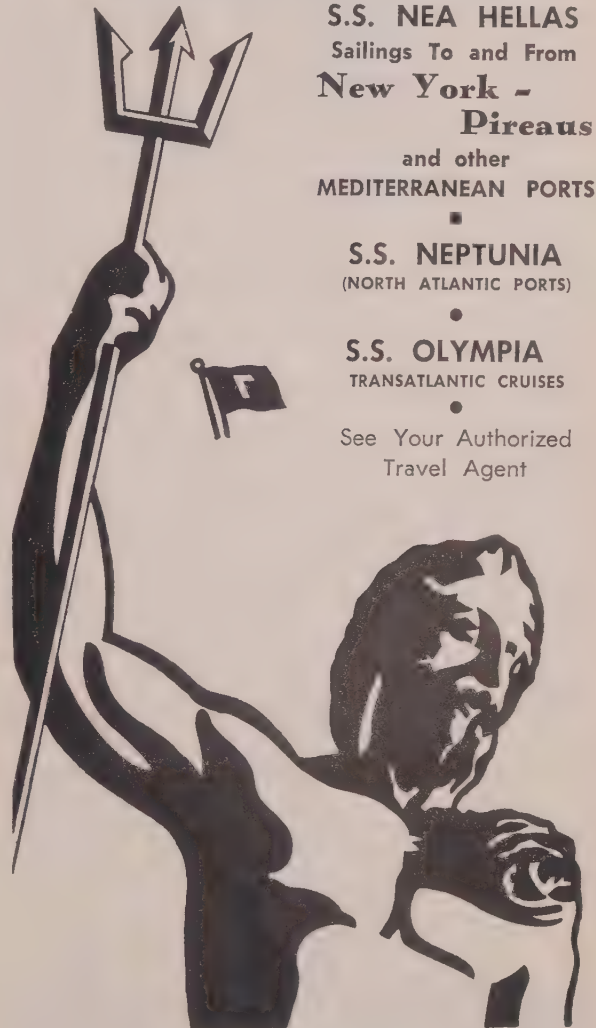
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When she reached Rhodes, Queen Polyxo refused her refuge, for her husband had died in the war, and she held Helen guilty. Dressed as Furies, Polyxo and her women attacked her when she was in the bath, dragged her forth, and hanged her on a tree. But that was felt to break Apollo's Law of Moderation and Mercy, so they built a temple on the spot and dedicated it to Helen of the Tree.

So, all who had sinned had paid the price; and it remained for the Merciful Savior to speak the final word for such as she, when the woman taken in adultery was brought to Him for judgment:

"Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone . . . Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more."

That was of mercy more tender than Apollo's.

At the time when Homer wrote his epics of the Happy Home of Odysseus and the tragedy of Priam and Troy, the Asiatics were polygamous—in Troy King Priam married the daughter of a neighboring king "and many another", and King David of Israel (d. 960 B. C.) was more guilty than Paris had been, for when Abigail came to him offering herself and her husband's provisions, prostrating herself before him and offering even to wash the feet of his servants if he would but take her, he took her into his harem, and he even had caused one of his soldiers to be killed in battle so that he could take his wife, and King David's son, King Solomon, is said to have married 700 wives! But later polygamy was discontinued in Israel, and monogamy was adopted—can it be that Homer's revelation of the tragedy at Troy and the Happy Home of Odysseus was the means of bringing that change?

And was not this victory for the Aryan monogamous Home of the Greeks even greater in its consequences than the political victory that the Greeks won against the Asiatics at Marathon?

## MANGALOS

(Continued from Page 11)

afraid and almost regretted my rashness. What if, at the moment he should stretch his hands to take hold of the tin can, he should seize me by the neck?

But it was too late to turn back. I would be ashamed to face the black eyes of that girl, who would laugh at me. Let anything happen—anything! With a heart beating fast, I passed his door and hurried to climb the stairs.

As soon as he heard my steps, Mangalos hastened out, to the top of the stairs. He came down one or two steps and before I was halfway up, tall as he was, he leaned over and grasped the can. As if in a dream, I waited for him. He went in, emptied the water into his jar, came back and handed the can back to me.

His face now was actually lighted by a smile. Oh, that smile! It seemed to me that it lighted the stairway, the whole deserted gloomy house, his black hair, and even his soul to its very depths—and my own soul!

"I thank you!" he said with a loud voice.

"Never mind!" I whispered and fled running, rejoicing and proud.

The beautiful girl was still in the same place. Without stopping I cast an arrow at her:

"Did he strangle me now?"



"Well," answered my charming mocker, with a graceful nod of her head, "why couldn't you wait a minute?"

True, I had not waited very long. All I took time to see of Mangalos, on whom for the first time I had looked closely, was his smile and his hands. Probably the fear for my neck had made me pay attention to the latter. His arms were bare to the elbows, and his hands were thin and white. I was surprised that his arms were not tattooed with sea-gorgons and double-headed eagles and daggers, for I knew this to be the brave custom of all prisoners. I had expected that Mangalos, who had been fifteen years in prison, would have at least one gorgon on each hand, like Nasos, the tavern-owner, who had not been in prison more than fifteen months.

But it seems that the murderer of Kalligeros had not lived in prison like an ordinary prisoner. Later, when he had become accustomed to his new condition of freedom, a condition he was unable to realize at first, when the ghosts left him, and his conscience stopped bothering him, when he stopped screaming his terrible "War-is coming!" and had become more peaceful and more human, he actually went as far as to hum a song. Now and then I heard him. His song was slow, monotonous, low, and broken by long pauses like the tune of an organ with many silent notes. One day I listened to catch the words. It was not the ordinary prisoner's song:

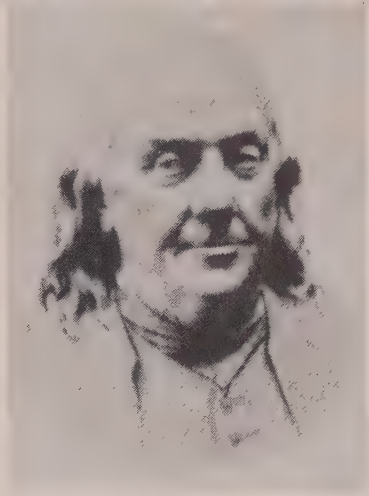
"The bonds of prison are for men . . ."

nor anything like it. He was singing a church hymn! The poor man had "turned his heart to God." His favorite reading, as he told me later himself, was "Sinner's Salvation" and the "Lives of the Saints." I felt sure, too, although my information had not come from him, that he spent his mornings and evenings in long prayers of worship and tears. He was asking God to free him as men already freed him.

A child's instinct is never wrong! Constantine Mangalos was just what he had appeared to me to be from the beginning, a repentant sinner. This confinement in his own house and self-inflicted prolongation of his imprisonment, even his abstinence from work was not merely due to his unfamiliarity with people, freedom and work. He was still feeling his sin deep in his soul, and was anxious to purge it through self-inflicted punishment. He lived like a monk or an ascetic. Gradually his head began to lose its likeness to St. John's head, because he got into the habit of trimming his hair and bearded and even of combing them at times. Slowly and steadily he was becoming a man again.

A year went by. The neighbors had now become accustomed to the ex-convict and had ceased talking too much about him. Besides, Constantine was not disturbing or frightening them any longer. Even his hymn singing was in a very low voice. He might spend his whole life without making his presence felt to anyone. I could carry on my conversation with him from the window of our attic without provoking a scolding on my mother's part. But his brother, Yannes, was not of the same opinion. He believed this state of affairs could not go on forever and insisted that Constantine should start work. He had to earn his living and to pay back the debt his brother had incurred for his sake. Yannes himself had a whole family to support. Yet, he

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had managed with borrowing and begging to pay all his brother's expenses in prison and now, on top of it all, he had been forced to leave his own home and to pay rent. How could he stand all this?

But Constantine paid no attention at first:

"They say I've got to work," he told me one day as we had our usual talk. "Am I now in condition to work? Look at me. What could I do? Butcher again? No! Never!"

The expression on his face showed that he utterly abhorred all killing, even of animals. Pure sentimentality! It was clear, the man was not in his senses.

But one day a strange revolution took place in him. Lombardos, his old leader, had come to Zante, a minister now! There were bells ringing and guns booming, and applause, and cheers! The whole city was up. A great procession was formed and passed through Hammos, and the shouts could be heard very clearly in Mangalos' home. I saw him again from the window in our attic. He was very pale and his dark eyes were shining with anger. His face reminded me of the first days he had spent out of prison. I was afraid he had turned mad again for good.

"Honor and glory for him!" he said to me with fury.

"And I, who have sacrificed myself for his love, what good am I getting now from it? What good?"

He had no more love for Lombardos. He regretted his blind fanaticism and the crime that had been the result of it. He saw clearly how he had wronged himself by having once devoted himself to the worship of a man who had nothing in common with him. His love for Lombardos had made a god of a man for him, and for his sake he had forgotten the heavenly God and His commandments, he thought. So, on the very next day, he decided to start work!

This, I believe, was not entirely unrelated to the shock caused by the ovation given to Lombardos, the man who was still the people's idol, while Mangalos had become their laughing stock. At that time I could not explain this sudden change. But now I understand it perfectly and I take this turn in the martyred man's life to be one of its most moving points.

Even a great surprise was for me the incident which I will tell you now before coming to an end.

Constantine Mangalos was again a butcher, or, to be more exact, a "meat dealer." Since he could not "shed blood" himself, he would call on Klapaftes, a young man in his neighborhood who was also a butcher, peddling his meat from house to house, and let him slaughter one or two lambs for him daily. Then he would trim them himself in his own yard and carry them on his shoulders to the end of the street opposite our house, where he would sell them in front of a small low-class barber-shop's entrance, half of which had been rented to him, and there he would sit waiting for customers, especially from among the peasants who frequented the barber-shop. At any rate, he would manage to sell one or two lambs each day. On Sundays, as many as four.

But what happened one day? Mangalos had left a live lamb in his house tied in his room near the back window. Klapaftes was to slaughter it the next day. The lamb, after eating all the hay that was laid on the window-sill, climbed upon it, and as it tried to walk it



slipped and was hung outside the window from the rope it was tied to, which was rather long. His bleatings of despair brought our servant to the window of our attic which was the misfortune and began crying:

"Mangalos' lamb is hung! It will be strangled! Poor thing!"

Sister and I heard it and rushed to the window of our parlor, from which we could see the barber-shop across the street. Mangalos was sitting there keeping the flies away from his goods with a paper brush. But it was rather far, and since he could not hear our voice we made signs to him. At last he caught sight of us and looked astonished. What could we want of him? He got up and started toward us. (His walk had now become more natural and the street did not seem to be covered with burning coals.) When he had reached the middle of the street, he could hear us.

"Quick! Your lamb is hanging from the window. It will be strangled!"

"Oh, bad luck!" exclaimed the butcher, and ran towards his house.

I went down to the street and followed him, anxious to see the end of the white lamb that was hanging there. Would he be able to save it?

We arrived almost at the same time. Constantine unlocked his door and went up the stairs in big strides. I followed behind. But we could not hear the bleating any longer. When Constantine had pulled the rope he saw he had before him what seemed like a carcass. He acted like a madman.

"Gone! Dead! . . . Bad luck! . . . Just wait. It's breathing still! . . . Its heart is beating! . . . It may come to with rubbing . . . Let me open its mouth . . ."

But with all the rubbing and the blowing into its mouth and shaking the lamb did not show any signs of coming to.

"It will die! It will be a dead lamb!" said Constantine with despair. "Two dollars gone! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Kill it!" I advised him.

"True! There is no other way!"

He ran like a crazy man to the door and yelled:

"Klapafte! Ho, Klapafte!"

No answer.

"He is out!" said a woman's voice from the next house.

"The devil!"

He came up again, a picture of hopelessness. A moment more and the lamb would be a carcass to be thrown away. What could he do?

"Kill it!" I said again. "What are you waiting for?"

"Me? Oh, my God! My God!"

He raised his eyes towards the blue sky that could be seen from the open window, stretched out his arms, sighed two or three times, and put his hands on his head. Then he took out his knife and knelt over the dying lamb.

It was done.

From that day on Constantine Mangalos killed and sold his own lambs. The man had come to his senses again.

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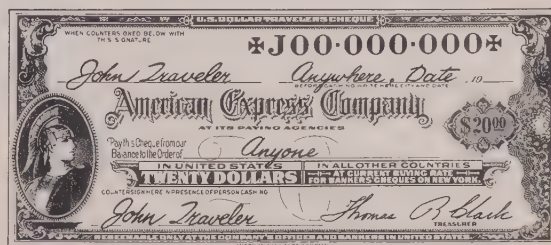
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## ***Greece Needs It -Theophilos Believes It!***

One of the most popular and interesting publications on travel is a monthly magazine, "Going Places", published by the American Express Company. In it one can be assured of finding the Company's recognition of some little or big thing that a member of its staff might have accomplished in the promotion of its organization's aims, or in demonstrating how its activities lead to other things. They also have a personnel staff offering assistance to all races, colors and creeds. The Foreign Independent Travel Division, especially, is a kind of United Nations in itself where a traveler can find an employee of his own temperament to guide him capably in planning an itinerary to just about



GEORGE N. THEOPHILOS

anywhere in the world. Rather recently I stumbled upon the March issue of "Going Places" and was pleasantly surprised to find some brief but pertinent facts about one of the Company's " . . . most promotion-minded Americans around these days". The reference was to a chap none other than George N. Theophilos.

Reading about George brought back to my mind how he first conceived the idea of promoting tourism—especially to Greece—and also what an instrumental part he played in stimulating my first trip. I know he must now continue to inspire others who, like myself, need a daring push now and then. In 1947 when Mr. Theophilos made his first trip to Greece (which he earned through a contest) he became so enchanted with the country that he, himself, has returned five times and intends to go again this year. Among his many admirable qualities is that of sharing, or showing others how to share, that in which he himself finds joy. So, since his first trip, he has never stopped working on a plan for a flourishing tourist trade to Greece.

I know that he himself would be too modest to tell anyone of the conscientious effort he has made to stimulate Hellenic tourism. On his own accord, for example, and with his own personal funds, he established in 1949 the Victoria Tourist Club with only one specific objective: to give as many young Greek-Americans as possible the opportunity to visit their fatherland. And to promote this deal he worked tirelessly weekends and after working hours writing articles and preparing manuscripts for numerous Greek publications throughout the United States.

In 1951 he was fundamentally responsible for organizing the first American escorted tour to Greece. He advertised the exciting and financially attractive 70-day tour by a picturesque folder which was mailed out to some 30,000 collegiate and social groups, to say nothing of the wide publicity it obtained from numerous American Express offices throughout the country.

It is trite to say that his efforts deserve commendation, but like most trite sayings, it is so. And I further realize that there is little I can say that would be commensurate with

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the praise he has received from such people as the Greek Archbishop in New York when he tried to organize pilgrimages to Greece, or those bestowed upon him by the Greek Consulate in New York.

Though his friends are numerous and his acquaintances countless, I find a personal thrill in extending this feeble tribute, mostly because, through our long mutual comradeship, I've been able to capture his innermost feelings on this project. I fully realize how unstintingly he has given of himself in trying to establish an active bureau in this country. Its reality, we must confess, will materially mean additional hours of work and migraine headaches; yet his continuous drive to win this bureau is sufficient evidence that he won't turn on his heels until Fifth Avenue displays a real-live office humming with activity.

Mr. Theophilos believes this goal can be attained, but not successfully without the combined efforts of an organized group of qualified individuals who know and understand the people and the country; men who can offer suggestions for economy and facility of travel; and men who can be an accessory to the promotion of a reciprocal elevation of educational and cultural standards. Grouping the specialized functions of these people into a cumulative body, their pioneering efforts in establishing a Hellenic tourist industry will one day prove invaluable for both America and Greece.

If American Express can feel this proud of its employee, George N. Theophilos, for his industriousness in the betterment of Greek-American relations, I think that Greek-Americans in particular should be proud tenfold. And through what better means could he possibly someday epitomize his own Grecian heritage than by contributing to future generations the concrete foundations of a lasting lucrative industry.

—M. R. GULLOFF

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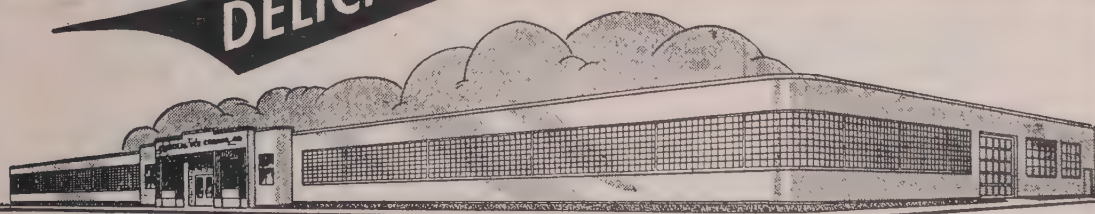
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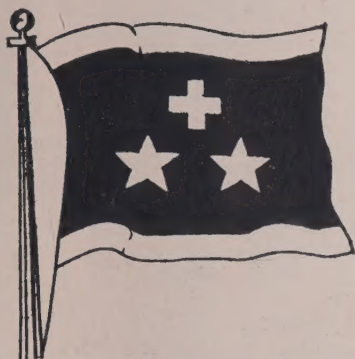
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## THE FOUND NOTE

I'm tired of going home  
 and moving between print-office and drugstore;  
 yet I'm not even forty years old.  
 How can I reach sixty without pain?  
 I don't face Death, as at first, with fear,  
 but I bear it heavily  
 that I shall be returned to that I've been composed;  
 then why to be composed?  
 We play, I see, with those we cannot with this story.  
 And my few friends play back-gammon at night;  
 there is seldom anything new;  
 Above age, each one with his sickness,  
 we come all together  
 around that decent pretext . . .  
 The black falcon ambushes  
 more and more closer day by day.  
 But later on, when eighty comes.  
 each one remains alone with his waiting familiar ones . . .  
 And a little bit later, at the end,  
 in front of God — absolutely alone.

Your first and last moments  
 belong to you exclusively whatever you do.  
 You have been born alone, alone you're going to die.

—BABIS NIDAS  
 (Athens, Greece)

(Translated by: Anthony Diamond)



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